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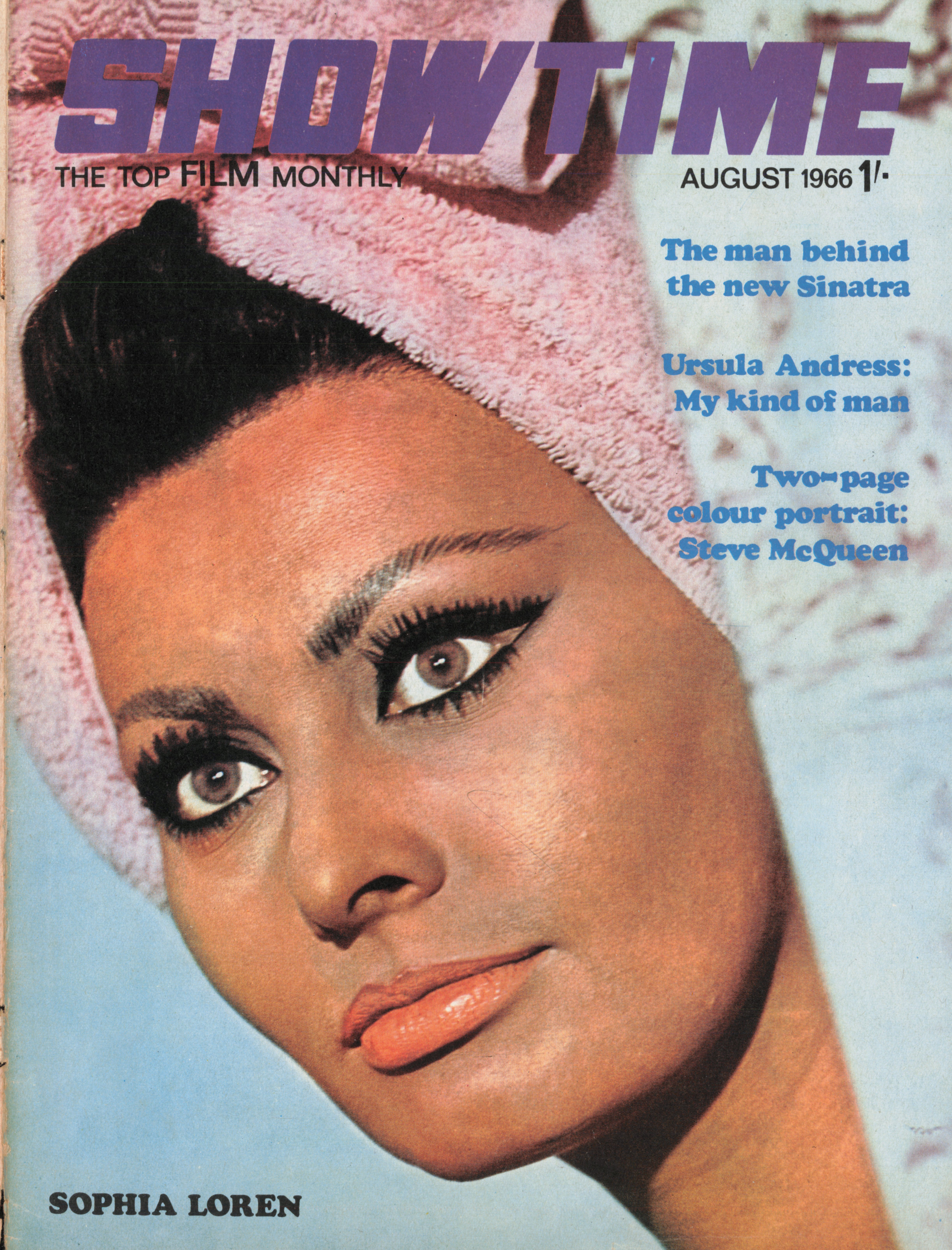
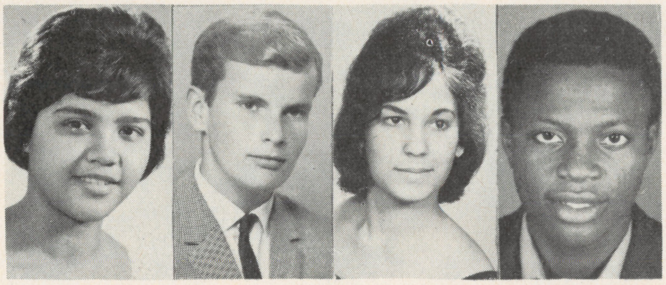


The man behind the new Sinatra

Ursula Andress: My kind of man

Two-page colour portrait: Steve McQueen

SOPHIA LOREN



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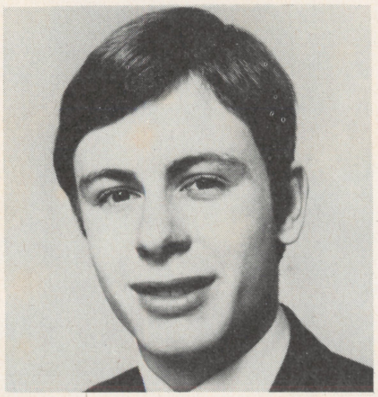

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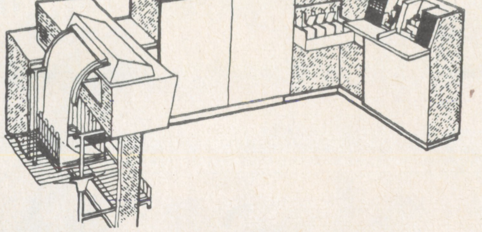

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FILM OF THE MONTH

LOST COMMAND

Anthony Quinn as the hero of two bitter wars—the second being against many of his former comrades, like George Segal (above right). Segal's terrorist sister is played by Claudia Cardinale—who undergoes a savage interrogation by her enemy-cum-lover Alain Delon (below).

WAR is the subject of Mark Robson's new film, *Lost Command*. The two wars examined on the big screen in this drama concern the French collapse in Indo-China in 1954 and the ensuing terrorist troubles in Algeria.

Anthony Quinn stars in the picture. He is Lt.-Col. Pierre Raspeguy, leader of a crack French paratroop unit. They are men fighting for a principle. They survive the calamitous massacre at Dien Bien Phu and a Vietminh prison camp, only to return to the horrors of war within months. This time, however, they are battling against many of the men who were their comrades—in Algeria. It is a feud which soon loses its principles and becomes a ceaseless round of torture, terrorism and treason.

The film, which is engrossingly vivid, is based on *The Centurions*, one of a trilogy of books written by the former French war correspondent, Jean Larteguy, now considered as Europe's Ernest Hemingway. "I knew the Centurions of the Indo-China war very well," says Larteguy. "At one time I was one of them. Then, as a journalist, I became their observer and even their confidant. I shall always be attached to those men."

The actual filming of this dramatic tale had to be held up for a full year while Mark Robson waited to obtain the one star he would consider to play Raspeguy: Anthony Quinn.

"There are some parts," he explains, "that you feel any

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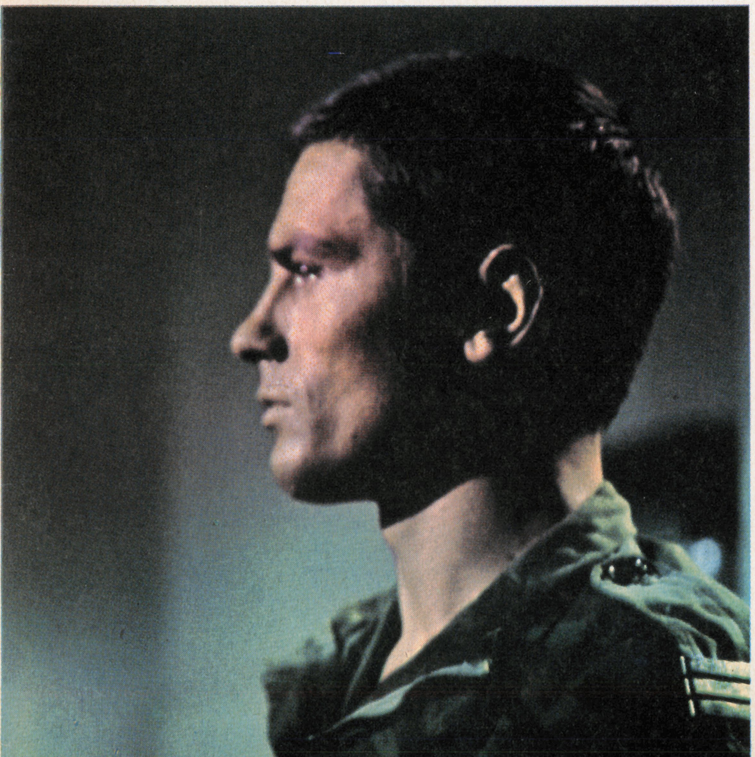

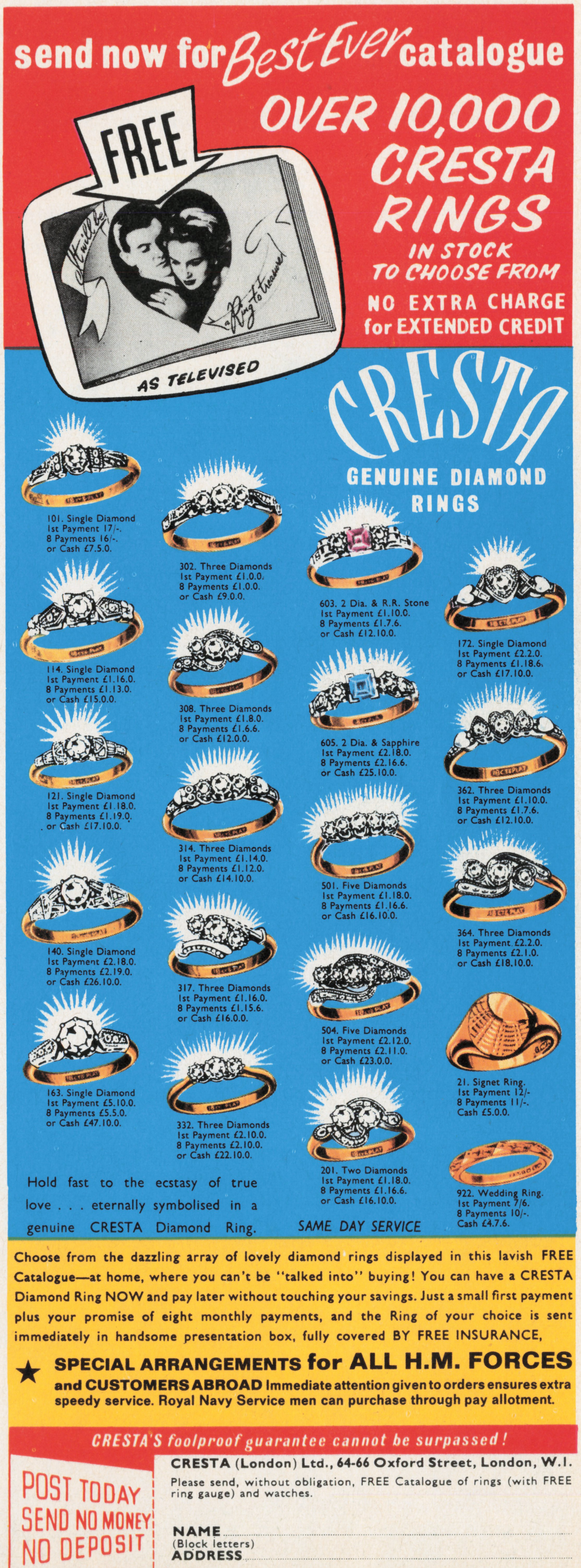
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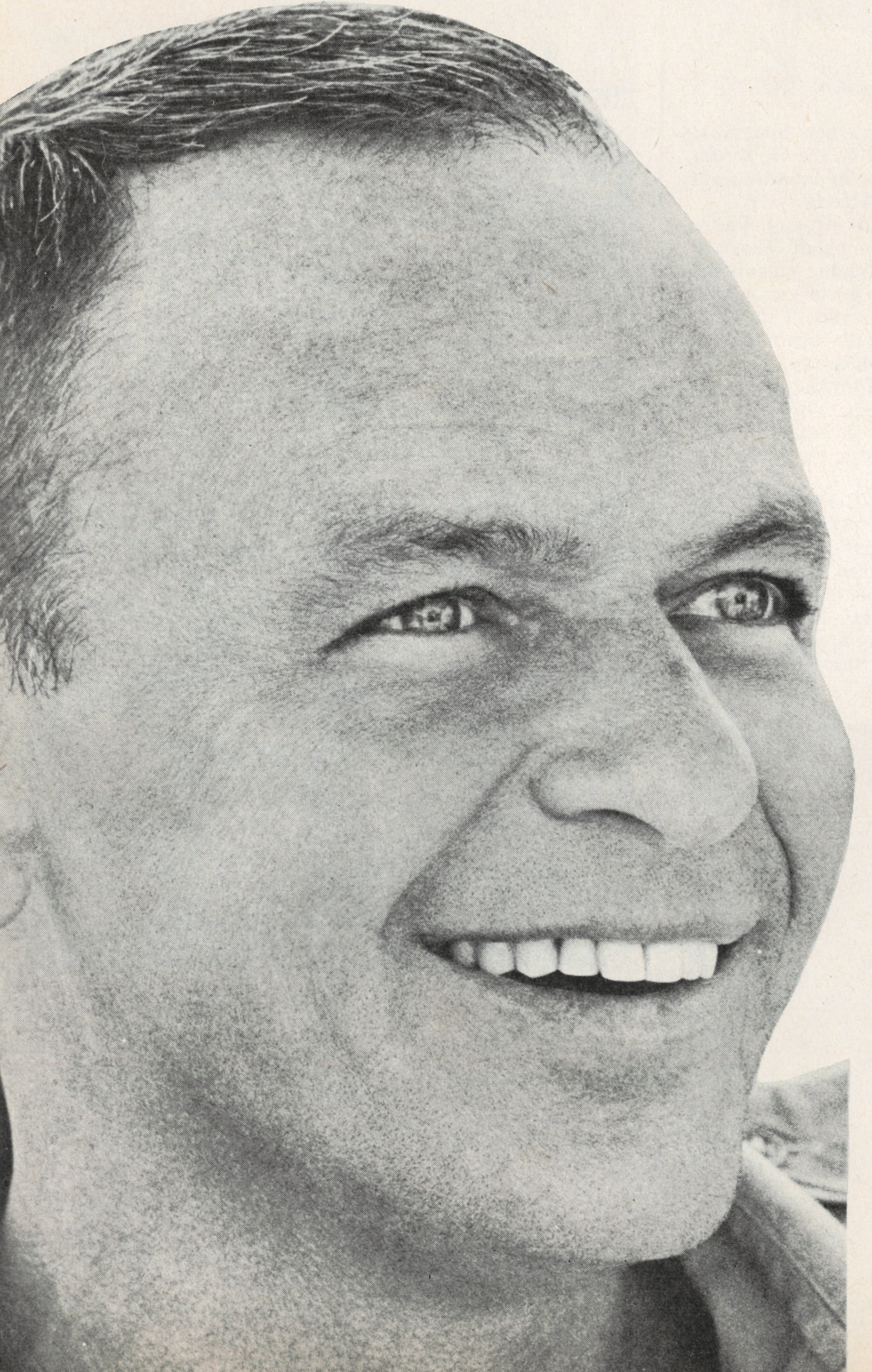
18 STN

The year: 1964. Place: Hawaii. Occasion: Swimming party for Frank Sinatra, directing his first film, None But The Brave. *Among the guests: actor Brad Dexter, making his first film with Frank, though they've known one another since 1943. As time tells, this was Sinatra's finest casting. . . . A guest, Mrs. Howard Koch, wife of Sinatra's producer-friend, gets into difficulties at sea. Frank swims out to help, but raging surf sweeps them both 400 yards out into roaring riptides of deadly 20 ft. waves. Dexter dives after them. Big and strong, a build more adapt to heroism than the ever-plucky Sinatra's, Dexter soon reaches the near-drowning couple. Both are exhausted; Sinatra has anoxia and is blind. "I hear you, pal, but I can't see you," he gasps. For 20 minutes or more, the burly Brad keeps their heads above water until other rescuers arrive. On the beach, Sinatra is purple, and apparently dead. He still breathes, however, and several hours later he wearily regains consciousness. . . .*



Brad Dexter is now living in London, leasing a luxury flat directly opposite that little piece of the U.S.A. in Grosvenor-square, the American Embassy. He's no longer an actor. Today he's executive vice-president in charge of motion pictures at Sinatra Enterprises; working ceaselessly on his first production, *The Naked Runner*, debut film of a new British company, Artanis Productions Ltd. As anagrammists will soon realise, Artanis is Sinatra backwards. Artanis is a forward-looking set-up, however, geared to seven projects over here, to be created by mainly British talents with Brad Dexter at the helm.

To jealous onlookers in Hollywood, the connotations of Dexter's sudden rank are obvious. And totally unjust.

"Saving Frank's life is something I never discuss," remarks Brad Dexter, as he sits in an armchair in his flat-cum-office. "It's too personal. I'm always embarrassed by it. Also I have to carry the burden of people saying: '*What's Dexter doing now? Is Frank paying him off?*'

"I'm bothered with that all the time. I'm stuck with it. But it's a lot of hooey. Frank and I don't have that kind of relationship. We're very close—like brothers. I've known him for 23 years. I have a loyalty to Frank [he was quoted recently as saying: *I'd kill for him!*] and I guess he feels the same way about me. It's rare to find that kind of friendship, particularly in this world, where everyone seems to be out for himself."

Dexter need say no more on the subject—and doesn't. Sinatra's debt to him is huge, the kind that not even a multi-millionaire like Frank can ever hope to repay. But it is nonsense to suggest that a wordly-wise and intuitive business brain such as Sinatra would have made his life-saver a top film-maker, unless he was sure the man had talent.

And already the big Dexter is proving The Leader of the Clan right—once again. Brad has more than a Hollywood tan. He has Hollywood know-how. And how!

The man behind the *new* Sinatra

A familiar face to many filmgoers, Dexter has made about 35 films, including that Western hit, *The Magnificent Seven*. "When I graduated from college, I was gonna be a lawyer," he says. "Instead of law school, however, I went to drama school, and started acting in the theatre in New York, and finally in Hollywood, where I've done well as an actor.

"Even so, I'd always felt acting was one-dimensional; it never really called upon my entire ability, talent and background. Then one night in New York—just after I made *Von Ryan's Express* with Mr. Sinatra in Italy—he suggested I should consider becoming a producer. He thought I would be eminently qualified for it. '*It's more creative*,' he said. '*You're in charge of 20 creative elements instead of one*'."

So Brad went to work in the Sinatra Building at the Warner Bros. studios—watching various stages of film preparation: the production breakdowns, the schedules, and the rest. He also read voraciously: scripts, books, plans.

Result: His first project, *The Naked Runner*. Star: Sinatra, making his first British film. Producer: Dexter. Director: Sidney J. Furie. Cost: $2,500,000.

And how is Dexter making out? He had completed a remarkable job—even before

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MY KIND OF MAN

JAMES MASON as Count Franz von Klugerman—Prussian officer, aristocratic, professional, obsessive. "But," says Ursula who plays his wife in *The Blue Max*, "I could never love a man like the count."

GEORGE PEPPARD as Bruno Stachel—fearless flier, arrogant, deadly, ruthless, and obsessed with a glory-complex. "Countess" Ursula is attracted to him because he is young, strong and handsome.

JEREMY KEMP as Willi von Klugerman, nephew of the count, rival of Bruno; he's a young and arrogant flier too. "But he loves quietly," says Ursula. "He does not flaunt his lover."

THE Most Beautiful Girl In The World nodded her blonde head and murmured: "Of course, it is a problem. A problem I didn't—and don't!—want, but one I seem to be stuck with for the time being."

Which is? Why, being tagged The Most Beautiful Girl In The World, of course. And having to deal with the attentions of numerous unwanted males.

For Ursula, it seems, is having troubles enough dealing with the attentions of certain not-unwanted males.

While her marriage to John Derek—whose star went into decline as soon as hers rose—is over, her much-headlined "romances" are not. Top national idols have feet of clay where she is concerned. Italy's Marcello Mastroianni and France's Jean-Paul Belmondo were both heavily smitten with the luscious Ursula after filming with her.

And they were still chasing her—Marcello with nightly phone-calls from Rome; Jean-Paul with more noisy pursuits in person—when we met in Dublin where Ursula was filming *The Blue Max*.

"Bebel is a good friend," she commented. "I tell him to go home . . . but . . ."

I was parked agreeably next to Ursula in her vast caravan alongside ancient Dublin Castle. Outside stood a huge Rolls, AYE 1B—which has the restless natives gleefully shouting: "Aye! Aye! Aye!" as she drives by.

Ursula enjoys being driven in a Rolls. But more often than not, she stops it *en route* to Ardmore studios in the morning, sends it on, and walks the remaining few miles through the rambling Irish countryside by herself.

Rather like Mae West, it is not the life in her men which worries Ursula's public, but the men in her life. But if her romantic news-stories give an impression of a hard, calculating woman who steals men and breaks marriages without concern, then they are wrong.

She's a busy girl is Ursula. Beautiful, too, of course. And immense fun. A better actress, and certainly a more thorough professional than many others give her credit for. She loves life and she loves a laugh.

Just this once, however, there were no laughs: Ursula was expounding her views on men.

"I have been lucky with the men in my films," she said. "All the stars I have worked with—Sean Connery, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Marcello Mastroianni, Dean Martin, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole—they have all been good to know off-screen. They are stars I admire tremendously as people. They behave off-screen as they wish to behave and the world must take them that way or leave them alone.

"None of them presents to the world a false face—the sort of face that the world would prefer to see: the sort of face which will not offend or disturb the world. I could never stand a poseur; certainly I could never love such a man.

"Personally, I have very definite ideas about men. Most men don't interest me at all. My tastes in masculine attractiveness are quite distinct."

"*And what, pray, might they be?*" I asked—ever hopeful!

"A good way to explain is to look at the characters in this film, *The Blue Max*. Not the stars, you understand—but the various characters they portray: two that I abominate, one that I could love."

There was a shuffle of boots on the pavement outside. Lifting a curtain, I saw two of Ursula's co-stars, George Peppard and James Mason, swagger by in their First World War German Army uniforms. They might well have lost some of that swagger had they known how accurately Ursula was about to describe their current screen characters. . . .

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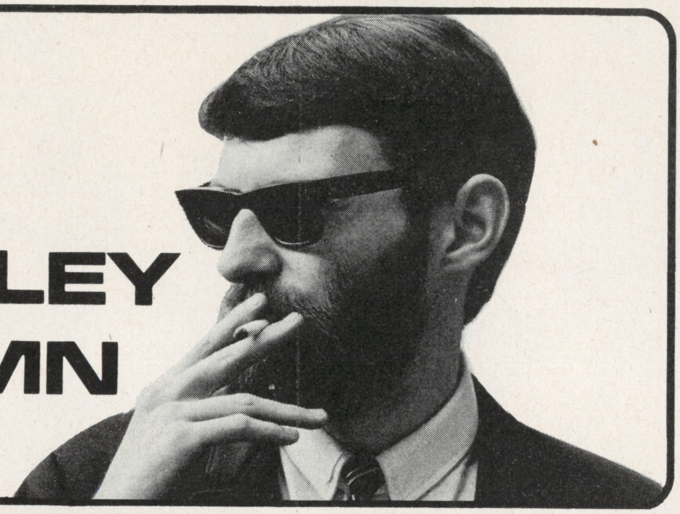
THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN



TECHNICAL HITCH

ALFRED HITCHCOCK was passing through town, so I nabbed the portly genius, and over a suspenseful drink or two, enquired about his latest film. Or rather his latest film appearance. For, talent apart, it is because of this most amusing trade mark of his that Hitch is undoubtedly the best-known film director in the world.

Do you recall his appearances? Once he was the "before" man in a huge "before and after" advert. hoarding. In *Strangers On A Train* he wrestled with a double-bass. He was in a group photograph on Grace Kelly's wall in *Dial M For Murder*, had two dogs on a lead in *The Birds*, and strolled down a corridor in *Marnie*.

My own favourite is *To Catch A Thief*. Hitch, sitting sublimely at the back of a French bus, is suddenly joined by Cary Grant. Director and star just stare at each other.

Soon we can play the "where's Hitch?" game in his 50th film, *Torn Curtain*. Starring Paul Newman and Julie Andrews. And Hitch, of course. "I'm in the lounge of a Copenhagen hotel," he told me. "Sitting there holding a baby. Symbolic, I suppose, of making a film all on one's own."

Hitchcock, however, is not too sure whether this is his 50th appearance. "I've been in them all, on and off," he mused. "Missed a few, perhaps. It started with my first film, *The Lodger*—back in 1926, when actors were scarce. Now I do it for luck (not superstition) and because it's expected. I always appear as early as possible. I don't like them to be in suspense for the wrong reason!"

Once he never appeared at all. "I was going to walk along a street with a girl, talking to her in deaf and dumb language. My hands would be working very fast and she would turn around and slap my face . . . ! But the news leaked out and we got letters about it . . . *Please don't, you'd be making fun of deaf mutes.* So I agreed to forget it."

And that was Hitchcock's one and only technical hitch in some 50 films in 40 years.

HELL HATH NO FURIE. . . .

I understand that Barbra Streisand is more a peeved than funny girl just lately. She's been turned down by a top film director. And she's *furie*ous. The director in question is Sidney J. Furie—man behind *The Ipcress File*. Hollywood producer Ray Stark was after Sid to direct *Funny Girl*. But he didn't like the script and said: *No*.

Barbra should relax; she's in good company. Sid next went on to refuse Audrey Hepburn. Her husband, Mel Ferrer, wanted Sid to helm *Wait Until Dark*, which Audrey makes next year. Sid trooped dutifully along to Broadway to see the play (starring Lee Remick). He disliked it so much, he walked out on the second act . . . !

HOW TO NAME A BABY
by the Jack Lemmons

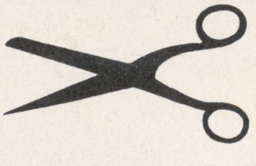
Congratulations to Jack Lemmon and his sunny wife, Felicia Farr. They recently had a baby. A girl. Jessica. That is how the sweet young thing started life anyway. Now it reads 'Noel' on her birth certificate.

How's that again? It happened like this. Daddy Lemmon pushed aside his scripts and started thinking one night. And he didn't much like what he thought about. "Well," explains Jack, "it's really just a short step from Jessica to Jessie . . . and from Jessie to Juicy. And we don't want our daughter's eventual schoolmates to call her *Juicy Lemmon* do we?"

In America's desert country for *Tobruk* locations, George Peppard stayed at The Astronaut Motel. The owner won't forget him in a hurry. Georgie suggested a bright little gimmick, replacing the motel's *Vacancy* and *No Vacancy* signs. The Astronaut's neon-sign now reads: *Space . . .* or *No Space*!

Producer Walter Shenson is actually planning a film without the Beatles—the kind he used to make before the Mersey turned to gold. His new project has a Beatlish flair, though: *Don't Raise The Bridge, Lower The River*!

FLASH! Brigitte Bardot starts *The Prologue*, on August 15. . . in London!



snippets

Sam Rolfe, who created *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *The Man From UNCLE*, is writing the *Cat Ballou* sequel. Title: *Kid Shellen*. Stars: Lee Marvin, and maybe Bette Davis.

A female Tarzan is on her way. Her name: Tungo. Her director's name: Zygmunt Sulistrowski!

Senta Berger stars in *Long Fingers, Long Legs*. Playing the second half of the title role, I guess.

All Michael Chaplin's lines have been cut from *Promise Her Anything*. So he makes a major film debut in true Chaplin tradition—silent.

Natalie Wood gets a million dollars for *Penelope*. So out she went and bought *Anything You Can Do* as her next. With a lot of change to spare.

Like James Coburn's hairstyle? His wife, Beverly, cuts it. "For free."

La Lollo likes royalty. After *The Sultans*, she's making *The Queens*.

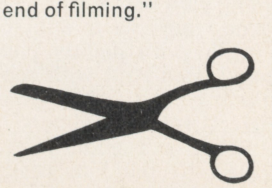
Leading Continental star Catherine Spaak making Hollywood debut in *Hotel* with Rod Taylor.

Jack Lemmon wanted Julie Christie for *Luv*. Making do with zany Elaine May instead.

My Fair Lady and *Mary Poppins* have earned, so far, 50-million dollars. Each!

Remember Shani Wallis? She will sing for Samantha Eggar in *Dr. Dolittle*. Rex Harrison and Anthony Newley will sing for their own suppers.

Says *Dr. Zhivago* director David Lean: "Julie Christie is only the third person in my 30-odd years in this business to write me a thank-you note at the end of filming."



THEMES *vs.* SONGS

Ran into John Barry the other week and said I liked his *Born Free* theme—but not the song. "Nothing to do with me," said honest John. "I just write music. Film companies prefer a song, though—they get more plugs for their title as the disc is played, you see."

I do indeed. Film songs are not always what they seem, however. For instance, I think the recent (and appalling) Cilla Black record of *Alfie* was a most blatant piece of bandwagon-jumping. The song was in no way connected with the film. The disc's success definitely was. And so pulled the chintzy Cilla out of the disc-doldrums, more's the pity.

I gather Walt Disney wants to make a TV series about *Mary Poppins*. However, authoress Pamela Travers has strong views about television: "I don't see why a child—so full, fresh and imaginative—needs TV, particularly as no one uses it effectively or charmingly enough to be worthy of a child's attention. If Mary went on TV, we'd need a good Mary and to stick close to the books. If extra incidents were needed, I'd have to write them. I'm sure no one else is loony enough to write a Mary story!"

CAPTIVATING Camilla Sparv—a flawless new girl on the Hollywood scene. Former Paris and New York model, Camilla is Stockholm-born of Swedish-Russian parents. She's married to rich actor Robert Evans and made her debut in *The Trouble With Angels*—**as a nun! We'll see more of her, however, in James Coburn's** *The Big Noise*.

Marlon Brando is news. Always was. Now more than ever as he's making so many films. But what's it like to be actually . . .

WORKING WITH BRANDO...

ROBERT REDFORD
The Chase

'I enjoyed the experience, even though we didn't have any actual dialogue scenes together. Still, we talked a lot between takes—usually about his pet cause, the plight of the American Indian. We also played a lot of games. Like "Flashlight". Know it? Oh, it's fun. You pretend your torch is a gun, and see who can draw first. . . .'

ANGIE DICKINSON
The Chase

'Challenging? No, I hate that word. Demanding, exciting, yes, that's acting with Marlon. He has great rapport and such wonderful unpredictability. Not just for the sake of it; but to enhance the scene, the film. He's always full of great facts about the story and the characters. It's great, too, not to be anticipating lines all the time.'

JAMES FOX
The Chase

'I was very worried about working with him because I really revere him so highly. We met at the first reading, when he read most impeccably, amusingly, with all the skill and know-how his role demanded. So brilliant! I regret only that I wasn't around long enough to get to know him well, because he's no extrovert.'

ANJANETTE COMER
The Appaloosa

'He is the most exciting actor in America. And I was looking forward to working with him very much.' *Was? Would you again then?* '**With** him, yes . . . well, you can work with an actor without working with him, if you see what I mean.' *Was this the case with Brando?* 'I wouldn't say anything about Brando except that I liked him. . . .'

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN cont'd

MORE SPIES IN YOUR EYES

The spy boom continues. It positively reverberates, in fact. And how? And why? Well, for one thing, we all love a good piece of old hokum.

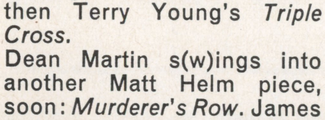
"The trend is here to stay," asserts American producer Luther Davies. "Because so many people are involved with the real thing. Various experts estimate that roughly two million people in America alone earn their living from intelligence activities of one kind or another."

And that's not counting the film-folk! Stars are still eagerly signing on the espionage line. Latest examples: Frank Sinatra in *The Naked Runner* . . . UNCLE Robert Vaughan in *The Venetian Affair* . . . Terence Stamp in *Shapes Of Sleep*, by J. B. Priestley . . . Gregory Peck in *Oh Death, Where Is Thy Sting-A-Ling-A-Ling* . . . even dear old Doris Day (as an industrial spy) in *Caprice*. . . .

Yul Brynner has been making a real meal out of the game, lately. Among Terence Young's star cast in *A Poppy Is Also A Flower*, he's now making *The Double Man*—then Terry Young's *Triple Cross*.

Dean Martin s(w)ings into another Matt Helm piece, soon: *Murderer's Row*. James Coburn, however, is the first of the copy-Bonds to make a second adventure; he's begun *F As In Flint*. "And," Coburn insists, "that also reads F as in fini, F as in finale. In short: no more Flints for me." Martin, though, plans a third Helm thriller, *The Ambushers*.

Meanwhile, I've uncovered the spy title to end them all: *The Spy Who Spied On Himself*.



WAC secretary to Flint's boss, Lee J. Cobb, is Ena Hartman. She joined the Flint brigade after testing for a *Thunderball* role. I like the way these spies pass their girls around to each other!

SUBTERFUGE!

A Russian submarine was required for the new Hollywood comedy, *The Russians Are Coming! The Russians Are Coming!* —a vital prop as the tale tells of the commotion caused by the accidental landing of a Russki sub in America. The U.S.A.F. provided planes for the film; the Army helped with information about Russian uniforms; but the Navy wanted nothing to do with making one of its subs look Russian.

They got around it like this. The producer borrowed the huge Japanese submarine used in Brando's *Morituri* film. This sub had to be cut into ten pieces before it could be transported to the location area. And then it had to be put together again. Cost: £6,000 to transport it to and from the location, plus another £4,000 lease fees. It's little things like that which help to make a small-budget film (EVA MARIE SAINT is the only known star in it) cost more than a million pounds!

Playboy's Playmate of 1965, Jo Collins, visited the troops in Vietnam and returned with nary a scratch. Then after a few days on her new film *Fireball 500*, she was in hospital . . . after a car crash.

Dick Van Dyke has Jean Simmons as his wife in *Divorce—The American Way;* his TV wife, Mary Tyler Moore, makes her screen debut in *Thoroughly Modern Millie*, with Julie Andrews.

CLAN stars Dean Martin and Joey Bishop join forces again in *Texas Across The River*. In cabaret, The Clan now call themselves The Men From SPREE—Society for the Prevention of a Routine Evening's Entertainment.

Q & A: STUNTS

NO, Mrs. K. M. Hales, of Mildenhall, Suffolk, there was no trick photography used; that WAS Sean Connery swimming past those sharks in *Thunderball*.

Sean was naturally hesitant about the whole thing. They were 12-foot long tiger sharks, after all. But Ivan Tors, the *Flipper* man, whose firm filmed all the underwater shots, put him right. "*Captured sharks are numbed*," he explained. "*As long as they're fed, they're fat and lethargic*." "Hmm," nodded Sean. "Know a few actors like that."

YES, Steven Hunter, of Kimberworth, Rotherham, Alex Cord did all his own stunts in *Stagecoach*.

For the record, the lean, wiry, and laconic Cord is a former rodeo-rider and bronco-buster. Even so, when the time came for Alex to leap among the six tearaway coach horses (John Wayne used a double in the original film), director Gordon Douglas shouted: "*Do it right kid. You'll be dead if you don't.*" Cord did it fine. His co-stars cheered and Ann-Margret burst into tears.

casting

BELGRADE: British stars Hugh Griffith and Rosemary Nicolls here in *Brown Eye, Evil Eye*. Plus Anthony Quinn and Virna Lisi in *The 25th Hour*.

BERLIN: After *The Quiller Memorandum*, George Segal is Hong Kong-bound for Nancy Kwan and Sue Lyon's *Fifth Coin*.

HOLLYWOOD: *Hard Times* ahead for Henry Fonda. Glenn Ford makes it 100-plus with *The Long Ride Home* and *Heaven With A Gun*. George Hamilton and Sandra Dee are two in *Three For A Marriage*.

LONDON: Stars for the classical film of the year, Fred Zinnemann's *A Man For All Seasons*, now settled: Paul Scofield as St. Thomas More; Leo McKern, Robert Shaw, Orson Welles, Wendy Hiller, Susannah York, John Hurt and Michael Latimer. Marty Wilde to film again in new Alan (*What A Crazy World*) Klein original.

MADRID: Producer Sidney Pink is in the pink. Has Austria's Maria Perschy making two at once: *The Tall Women* and *A Witch Without A Broom*. Maximilian Schell, Raf Vallone, Irene Papas (that's Germany, Italy and Greece) are all *Beyond The Mountains*. American new girl Tanya Lopert (seen in *What's New, Pussycat?, Lady L*) star-debuts in Western, *A Dollar A Head*.

MUNICH: Montgomery Clift gets a leading lady at last in *The Defector*. French star Macha Meril replaced Nicole Courcel, who replaced Monica Vitti who replaced Leslie Caron. Talk about defectors!

PARIS: Terry-Thomas filming here—in French, too. He's making *The Spree* for director Gerard Oury, of *The Sucker* fame. "I'm a pilot who prangs his bomber in 1943 and has to escape from Paris."

ROME: Both of US-TV cowpoke Clint Eastwood's Italian Westerns were so successful, that his third, *Two Magnificent Rogues*, is being made . . . in America! Rudolf Nureyev makes acting debut as star of *The Life Of Nijinsky*.

VIA: Milorad Radulovic, Belgrade/Dieter Habe, Berlin-Munich/Ian Haynes, Hollywood/Penny Rogers, London/Barbara Barker, Madrid/Francine Pincon, Paris/Arturo Rollo, Rome.

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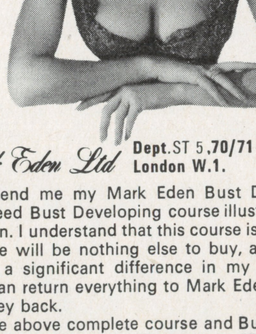

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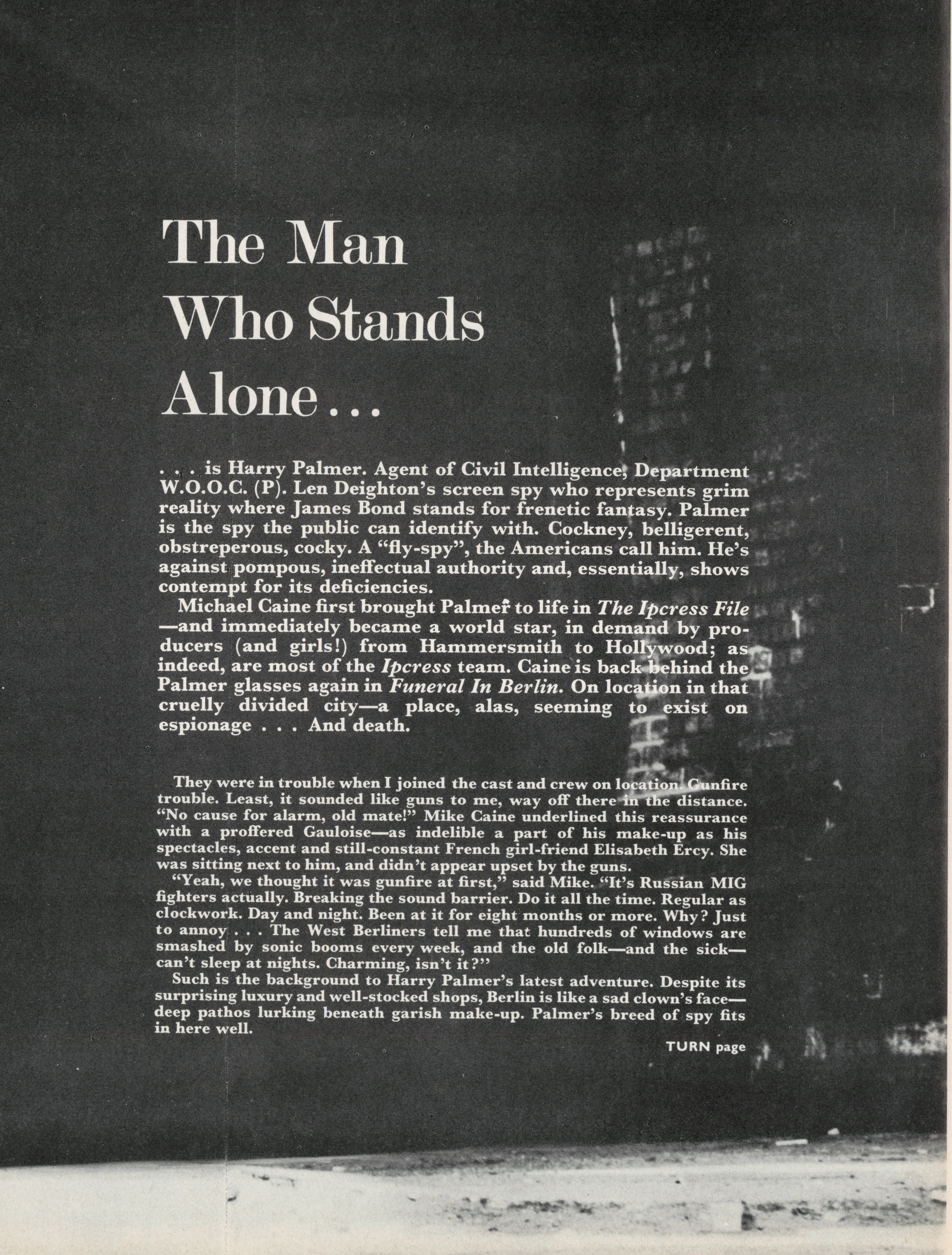


The Man Who Stands Alone…

. . . is Harry Palmer. Agent of Civil Intelligence, Department W.O.O.C. (P). Len Deighton's screen spy who represents grim reality where James Bond stands for frenetic fantasy. Palmer is the spy the public can identify with. Cockney, belligerent, obstreperous, cocky. A "fly-spy", the Americans call him. He's against pompous, ineffectual authority and, essentially, shows contempt for its deficiencies.

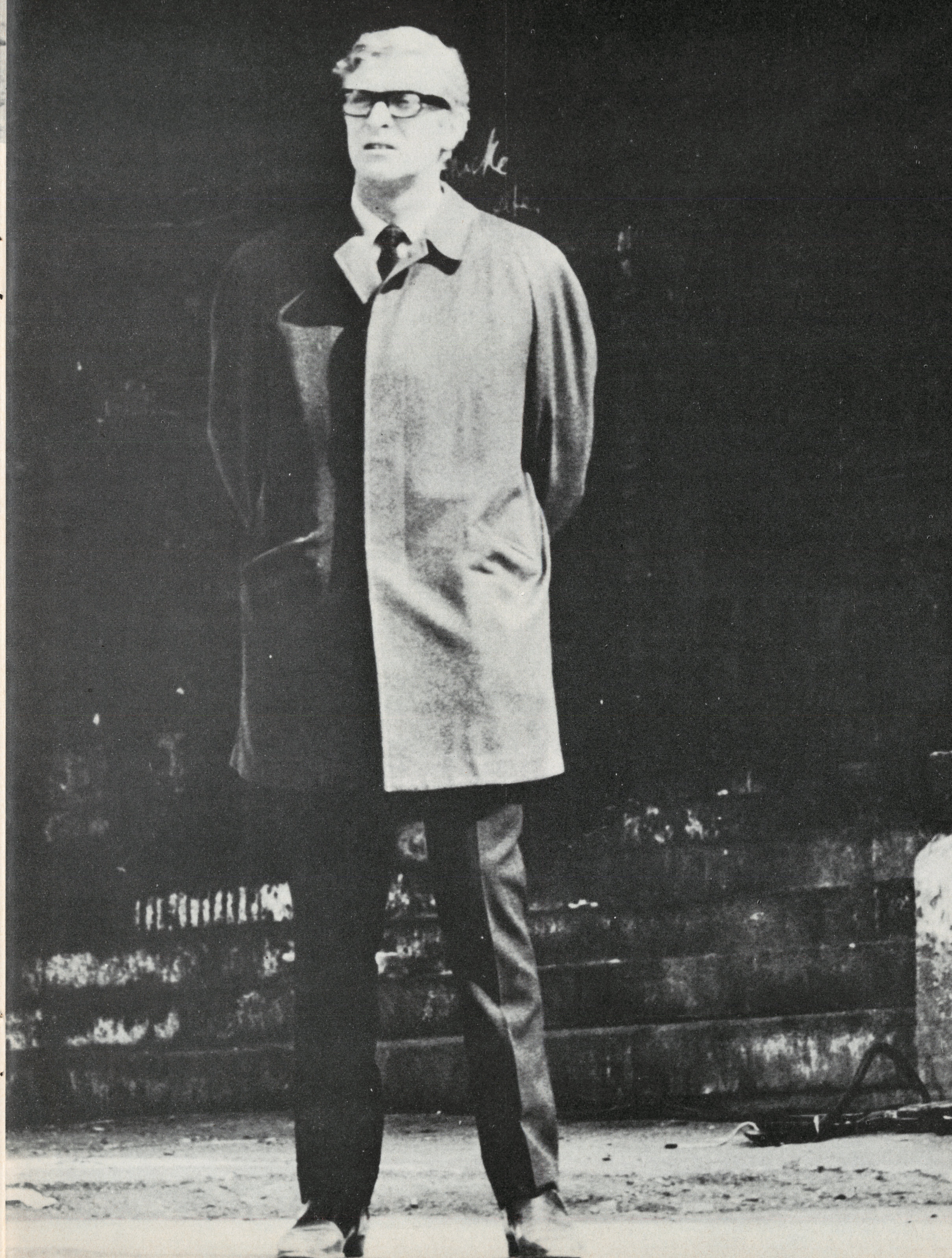
Michael Caine first brought Palmer to life in *The Ipcress File*—and immediately became a world star, in demand by producers (and girls!) from Hammersmith to Hollywood; as indeed, are most of the *Ipcress* team. Caine is back behind the Palmer glasses again in *Funeral In Berlin*. On location in that cruelly divided city—a place, alas, seeming to exist on espionage . . . And death.

They were in trouble when I joined the cast and crew on location. Gunfire trouble. Least, it sounded like guns to me, way off there in the distance. "No cause for alarm, old mate!" Mike Caine underlined this reassurance with a proffered Gauloise—as indelible a part of his make-up as his spectacles, accent and still-constant French girl-friend Elisabeth Ercy. She was sitting next to him, and didn't appear upset by the guns.

"Yeah, we thought it was gunfire at first," said Mike. "It's Russian MIG fighters actually. Breaking the sound barrier. Do it all the time. Regular as clockwork. Day and night. Been at it for eight months or more. Why? Just to annoy . . . The West Berliners tell me that hundreds of windows are smashed by sonic booms every week, and the old folk—and the sick—can't sleep at nights. Charming, isn't it?"

Such is the background to Harry Palmer's latest adventure. Despite its surprising luxury and well-stocked shops, Berlin is like a sad clown's face—deep pathos lurking beneath garish make-up. Palmer's breed of spy fits in here well.

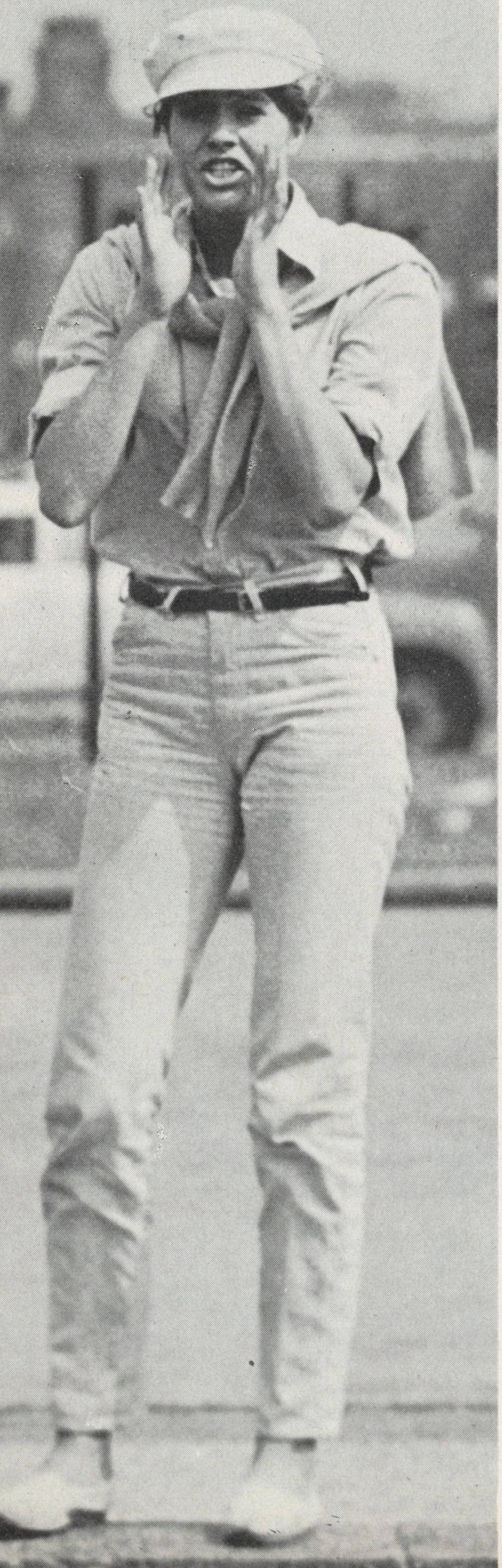
TURN page



The Man Who Stands Alone...

FROM overleaf

LUCKY GIRL Eva Renzi—replacing ill Anjanette Comer as Caine's tough spy-foe. This £1-million Palmer film is only her second screen appearance. And she didn't even get paid for the first one!



Though quick with wit and effrontery like the rest, he's fighting a more realistic battle than other screen spies. Bond would seem out of place here (although Ian Fleming set a short 007 story around The Wall). But for Palmer, fastidious do-it-yourself gourmet or not, it's a real spy's home, this divided city in a divided country—with that most fiendish divider.

Everyone goes to The Wall, of course; it's a tourist attraction (cum-shrine) of infamous proportions. To look at, though, The Wall is gruesome—and stupid. Built of breize blocks and topped with barbed wire, it stretches for nine miles with, so I'm informed, some 80 miles of barbed wire, 208 bunkers and trenches, 195 watch towers, and 194 dog patrols. "It's been like this since 13th August, 1961," Mike told me. "And it's getting worse—they're beginning to add to it . . ."

From observation platforms you can see over the fearsome edifice. The vast open, flat space below—turfed and neatly mown in part—is usually fairly empty. I did see one large working party digging trenches. They were heavily guarded by gun-toting Greppos. You watch the Greppos and the Greppos watch for escapees.

"The West Berlin authorities believe there's an escape bid every day," remarked Caine. "We hear only of the ones who get over, or make it as far as the last barriers. Couple of weeks ago a youth of 18 was shot in the back as he tried to claw his way over the barbed wire . . ."

NEW ESCAPE

In The Wall's five-year history, nearly every conceivable escape route has been tried. Len Deighton came up with something new in his *Funeral In Berlin* book; the title is the clue. His escapee is the main party in a funeral cortege—the body in the coffin to be exact!

Who's defecting? Colonel Stock of Russian Intelligence, no less—the man in charge of the Berlin Wall security. "*I must go, English*," he tells Palmer. "*And soon.*" But Palmer, to whom complexity is a way of life, is suspicious. "*OK*," he says. "*I'll make a report to London. With a note that you talk well and lie badly.*"

If Palmer's assignments are muddlesome, then so is the cast of this film. In London, I was told Akim Tamiroff, the busiest veteran in films, was playing Stock; I also met the gorgeous green-eyed Texan gal, Anjanette Comer, due, and keen, to play the mysterious Samantha Steel, a dishy model who proves to be an Israeli agent. "I get to wear some lovely clothes at last," remarked Anje, whose previous films were the off-beat *Loved One* and Brando's new Western, *The Appaloosa*—directed by the *Ipcress* man, Sid Furie.

NEW GIRL

In Berlin, however, Oscar Homolka was acting as Stock, as poor Tamiroff had been given the thumbs down by his doctors following his recent illness. And good grief—Caine had actually lost a girl. Anje started shooting, but then fell ill (she seemed none too well in London, I must say) and had to leave the cast.

Producer Charlie Kasher started a hurried search for a new girl with phone calls and cables galore to Rome, Paris, London and New York—only to find her in Berlin. A girl he remembered meeting at a party some weeks before. And that's how the lithe, honey-blonde Eva Renzi won her big international break.

In her first scene she ordered Caine to be shot—quite a start for the 21-year-old newcomer. She's still a drama student, in fact, having made only one small, semi-nude "and unpaid" appearance in a film called *Berlin Is Worth Sin*.

Now she is Samantha Steel, a tough beauty who lives up to her surname, and wears jewellery in her bath. "She's all right, mate," said Caine. "Like no one else," added Kasher. "She has the swinging originality of Christie plus the inner glow of Bergman." A lot to live up to.

Shooting for the morning was over—director Guy (*Goldfinger*) Hamilton had managed to film something in between sonic booms—and I joined Mike and his eye-popping E.E. girl for a quick lunch. "*You must 'ave sauerkraut and frankfurters on your first visit*," she said. So I did; washed down by a few swift ice-cold lagers and the latest homilies from the ever-gregarious Mike Caine, né Maurice Micklewhite.

I had last been with him, in fact, just a few days before, when he actually began the film in the back garden of a house for sale in Putney's Upper Richmond Road (No. 395, in case you're after a property with film connections!) Caine's Palmer had then seemed rather Carnaby—check hipsters, *et al*. "Well it's Saturday; Palmer's day off," he explained.

For the first day of shooting, he had been very much at ease. "Normally the first day is murder—agony! They usually have to re-shoot it in order to get a more relaxed feeling. But this is not so bad because I've played the character before and I know most of these people—it's nearly the entire *Ipcress* crew together again."

In Berlin, I asked if he'd found it difficult to put on the Palmer coat again after a two-year break from the part, with three other very different roles in between.

NEW PALMER

"Not really. I suddenly got panic-stricken a week before starting, when I first got back from Hollywood. Then I ran through the *Ipcress* movie and knew what I wanted to do. It's not exactly the same Palmer, this time, you see. He's upped a bit in rank and experience: less naive, though still cocky and full of dumb insolence.

"And whatever the critics may say, he's still *NOT* an anti-hero—I don't like that term. It's more accurate to say he's an anti-movie hero; antithesis of the beef-cake type who charges through hell, fire and water unscathed. This is one of the reasons why we gave him glasses. I'm short-sighted, anyway, and have to wear 'em. But I only wear glasses on-screen as Harry Palmer. Then they're made of plain glass, anyway!"

Elisabeth poured us fresh lagers. Then Mike went on about being an anti-screen hero. "My characterisations are based on people I've met rather than on other movies I've seen. Not a specific person per role, of course, but on various aspects of various people.

TO page 37

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The Man Behind The New Sinatra

FROM page 7

Left: Burly Brad Dexter with the two people he saved from drowning in Hawaii: Frank Sinatra and Mrs. Howard Koch.

the cameras started rolling this month in the London streets.

- **HE** first snapped up the Francis Clifford novel in galley-proof form. "I flipped over it but it was like pulling teeth to get Frank to read it. He was doing his jazz concerts on the East Coast. But he went for it as much as I did."
- **HE** then purchased the screen rights of the still unpublished book—for a reputed £50,000. "It was only later I heard that Burt Lancaster was also after it."
- **HE** then selected British writer Stanley Mann (who penned *The Collector* for the screen) to handle the script. Only one fragment of the book is being changed: the hero, Sam Laker, is now an American widower living in England, instead of being British.
- **HE** finally pulled off his biggest coup—beating the rest of Hollywood to the draw by signing Sid Furie to direct. "I signed him a year ahead of shooting. Then *The Ipcress File* comes out and Sidney is the most sought after director on both sides of the pond. Everything is being offered to him; strangely enough he hasn't liked any of the material. But we have him for another film next year, Jackbo, a definitive Western. We'll shoot it in Mexico."

Being paid off for saving Sinatra's life, indeed! If Sinatra's casting in Hawaii proved incredibly wise, his new role for Dexter is even more inspired.

From start to finish, *The Naked Runner* is very much Dexter's project. With it he seems to be repeating his most famous exercise—saving Sinatra's life. His film life, this time.

These days—and *The Naked Runner* is his 44th film—Sinatra tends to tire of his films long before they've finished shooting. This was very much apparent on his last, *Assault On A Queen*, with Virna Lisi.

Dexter's defence for Sinatra is not original, but very true. "I feel that Frank is the most exciting personality in the whole world of entertainment," he explains. "But his is a talent that functions very often on only two cylinders rather than eight. He's made good pictures. But he's made a lot of bad ones—because he hasn't been married to the right material."

This Dexter now aims to put right, by making for Sinatra only the best films he can find. It was Brad who suggested that Frank should pull out of what would have been his 44th film, *Any Wednesday*. "Warner Brothers made the classic mistake of paying 750,000 dollars for a Broadway play worth only five cents," he says. "To get their money back they needed a big name—and Frank almost did it for Jack Warner, whom we both love. But no matter what you did with the play, it would end up with Frank having another bad picture—and taking the rap for it. We discussed it and I told him: '*It's not for you. You're doing them a favour but . . .*' and he dropped it."

Neither Brad nor Frank—nor indeed Jack Warner—have doubts about *The Naked Runner*. Dexter even says the film will win Sinatra a second Oscar. Indeed it must be good to have enticed Frank away from his Palm Springs home to London and Copenhagen, for he hates foreign locations. "Well, he's always getting into trouble," explains Brad. "People always bug him. London is different: he says it's the only city in the world where he can walk down a street unmolested."

The book has been described (of course!) as a spy thriller. Producer Dexter prefers to call it a story of suspense and drama. For Sinatra it is, at times, uncomfortably close to reality.

"It's the story of a man running with a bleeding heart in his hands—and that heart is his son who has been kidnapped," says Dexter.

"Ironically enough, this happened to Frank in real life. When I first read the story I thought this would be a great plus-factor. I also thought it might be a minus-factor because Frank would perhaps not want to re-enact emotionally such an agonising experience.

"However, he loved the book as much as I did. Now, as an actor, he'll have to go through those same real-life experiences again. And the depth of emotion, the memory patterns which he'll be able to recall in creating this role which he has lived through will, believe me, add up to a shattering performance.

"I'll tell you very honestly that if he gives everything he's got, as he promises to—and this film is the love of his life at the moment—Frank will win an Academy Award for *The Naked Runner*. The role is Frank. The real Frank Sinatra. The Frank nobody has seen before.

"It's there, the emotion, the identification, in the script. In Stanley's words. In the style and look that Sidney is going to give this picture. Sidney directs like Frank works—from the guts. He's instinctive, sensitive, fast and secure; he doesn't overshoot. An amazing talent. I think this kid is going to have a career far exceeding those of such directors as John Frankenheimer, John Huston, Billy Wilder or Otto Preminger. We considered them all for this film—until I saw *The Ipcress File*.

"Everybody's copying Furie! When you're copied, it means you're an original."

Sinatra had not heard of Furie when Dexter first suggested him for the job; but after a two-hour meeting in California (while Sid was preparing his Brando film, *The Appaloosa*), Frank declared: "I dig him. Sign him."

"There's going to be a lot of fireworks, I know," adds Dexter, with a grin. "Furie is a powerful personality, a very definite guy—and so's Frank. But both recognise and respect talent—and both are real professionals."

Dexter is obviously enjoying every aspect of his new role of producer. He follows the golden rules of the great Irving Thalberg in his job: have good taste; hire the best creative people; guide them and back them to the hilt; don't interfere; never impose your ideas on a creative level.

Or as Dexter puts it: "Put your money where your mouth is. If I'm gonna do something, I back it up with a dollar. So does Frank. But no waste! Old-hat directors like George Stevens, Willy Wyler, Fred Zinneman—all great directors—are rapidly going into extinction because you cannot afford to hire them."

Ironically, Brad Dexter is excelling in the field that Sinatra himself wants to be in. Frank is always saying that he aims to retire gradually in order to concentrate more on the production side of his business. (His Sinatra Enterprises already employs 75 people, and grosses a million pounds a year for the former £5-a-week singing waiter.)

"Frank is a marvellous executive," agrees Dexter. "He has a keen mind. He can read a film's production schedule like an open book and say: '*Why 3½ days down for that when it can be done in a day and a half?*' He's bright—extremely bright—and knows every facet of film-making.

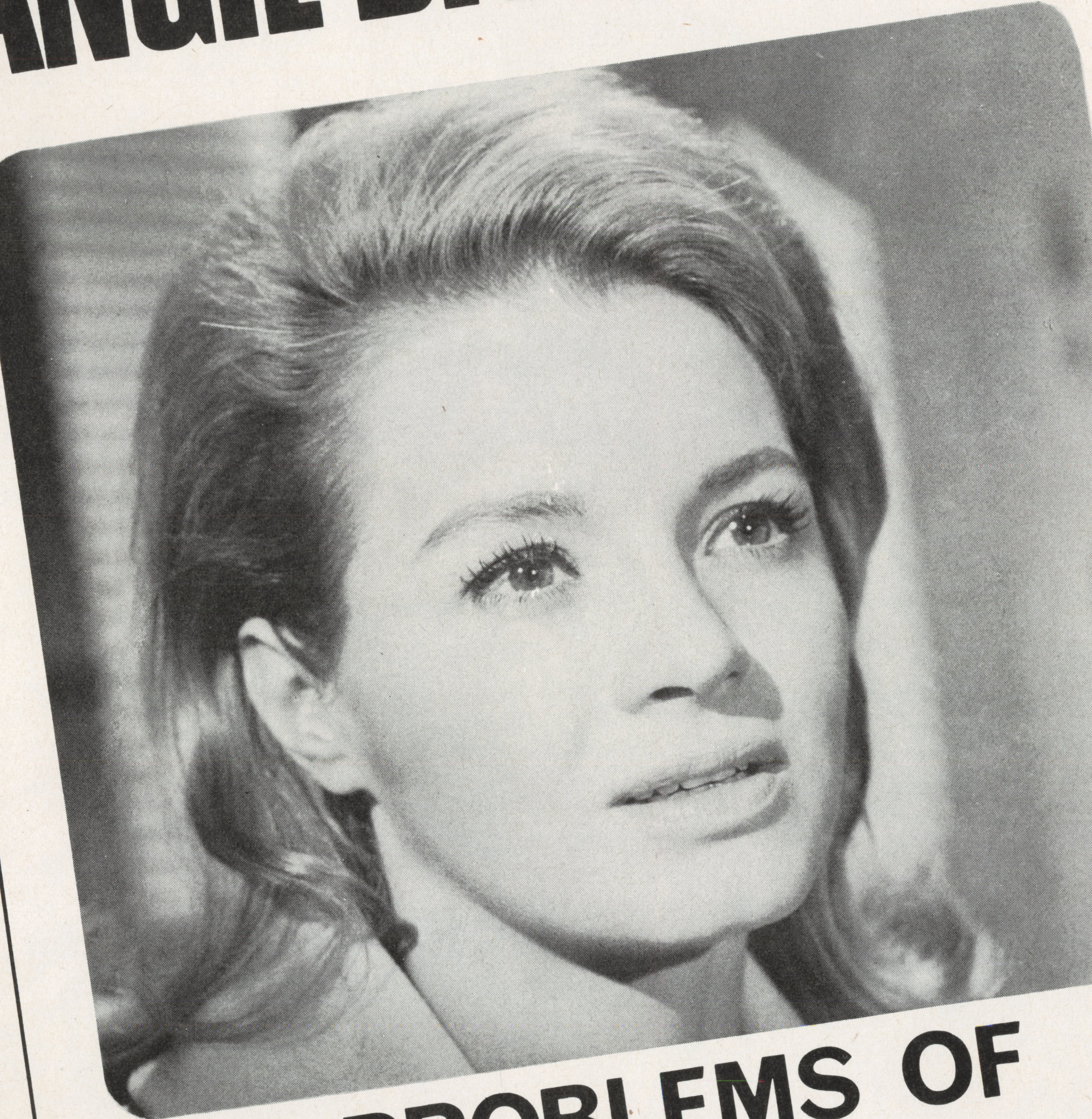
"But no, I can't conceive of Frank ever stopping acting or singing a song. We want to make in the next seven to ten years, five great motion pictures—here and at home—beginning with *The Naked Runner*. Pictures that he can point to with pride, and say: '*Hell, that was a godamned attempt at making a movie.*'

"Naturally there are conflicts—though we've not had any big differences yet—as he's a multidinous and talented man. I want him to have the same kind of track record that Humphrey Bogart had when he checked out. Frank is the only guy who can inherit Bogey's mantle. He's got the face, the emotion, the vitality and he's got the magic."

And he's also got Dexter—about whom the sneering will soon cease and the applause begin. Take it from me.

TONY CRAWLEY

ANGIE DICKINSON in



THE PROBLEMS OF BEING A STAR

BY JOHN KOBAL

ANGIE DICKINSON stood there in the doorway, looking like the million dollars her legs are insured for. She said she was ready to discuss herself, her career, or her husband, Burt Bacharach. But it was Angie I wanted to talk about most.

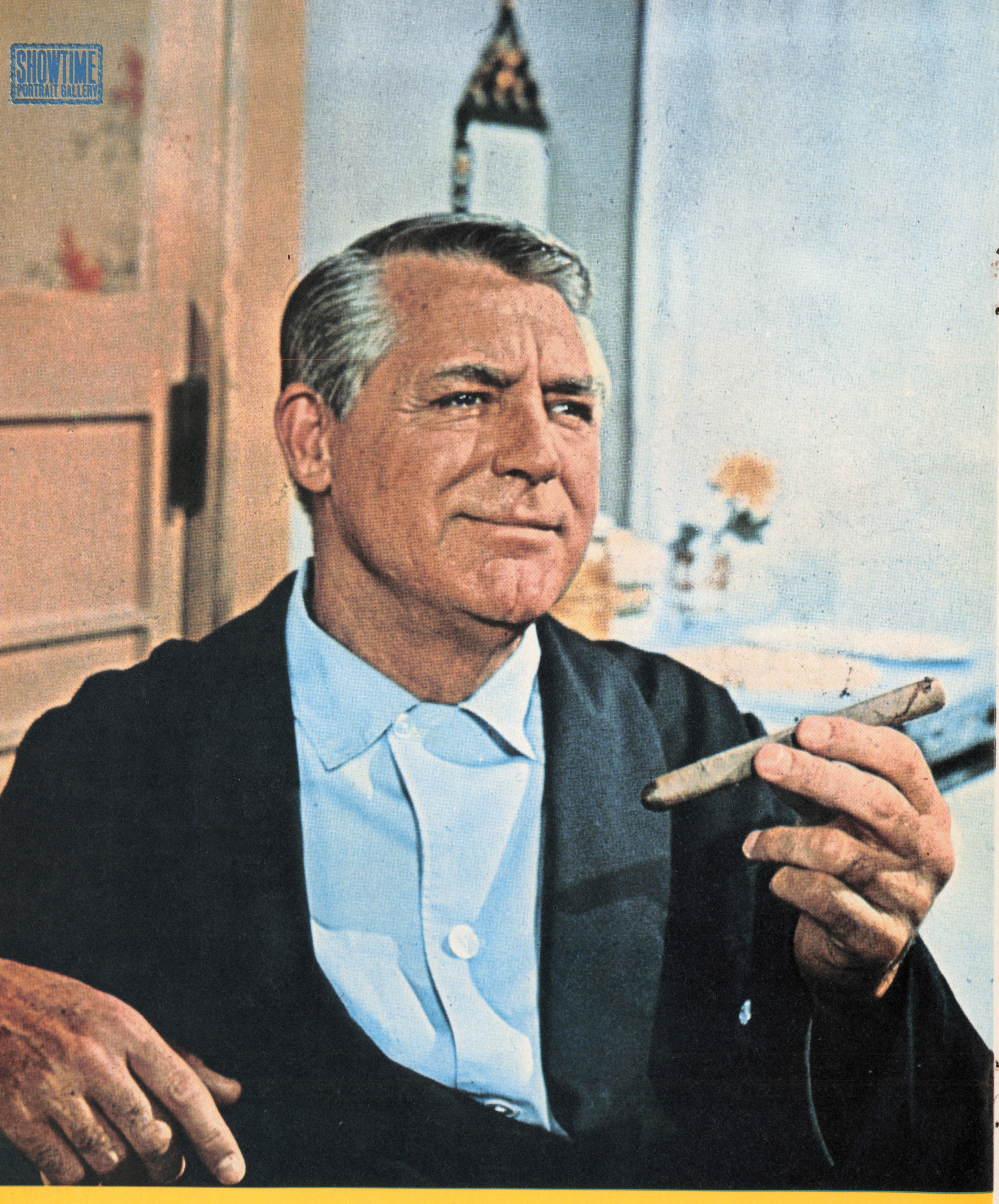
Angie Dickinson, at 32, can look back on 12 years of bad roles in a string of bad films. Yet today she—and her career —have never looked better.

She began by winning a beauty contest and made her film debut in the 1954 Doris Day musical *Lucky Me*. ing much came from that, apart from TV appearances. Then in 1957, 20th Century-Fox finally gave her a break in *China Gate*. This was the first of many different studios due to re-discover Angie Dickinson and then forget about her.

After *Rio Bravo* in 1959 everybody was sure that Angie had arrived; Warner Brothers signed her up and cast her in a succession of roles as Troy Donahue's mother confessor, and similar parts which would have taxed even Bette Davis. Universal Pictures signed her next and, unfortunately, wasted her in roles which any lesser girl could have played.

Nobody knows this better than green-eyed Angie, as she can testify. Emphatically. "You know, I feel as if I've been

TO page 3



CARY GRANT *who stars in WALK, DON'T RUN*

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Make tracks for your nearest Cinema

to see the most hilarious adventure–comedy of the year!

DISCS

FANCY MEETING YOU: Star singers Julie Andrews and Andy Williams discuss their latest "wax-works" at a Hollywood disc party.

THOSE two hilarious TV comics, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, have adapted an LP—***Once Moore With Cook*** (*Decca*)—from their TV series *Not Only . . . But Also*, and it is one of the most amusing albums I've heard for a long time.

Many of you may remember the tracks selected on the LP. They include *Dud And Pete At The Zoo; The Psychiatrist; The Music Teacher; Six Of The Best* and several other excerpts. My favourite is *Dud And Pete On Sex*. At one point on this track they discuss the giant dictionary at a local library—and "bosom", they decide, is definitely a word that is worth looking up again!

Like the late Nat 'King' Cole, Oscar Peterson was trained from childhood as a pianist and perhaps that is one reason why his new album, ***With Respect To Nat*** (*Mercury*), is so good.

Nat, apart from being a fine singer, was, like Peterson, also a great pianist and therefore a talent like Peterson's is able to put over the numbers in a way that is reminiscent of the famous coloured artist. Even his phrasing is similar.

On this LP he has left out several of Nat's famous numbers—*Mona Lisa* and *When I Fall In Love*, for instance—but almost all the songs that were a milestone in his career are included.

Sweet Lorraine is claimed as the first song Nat sung as a professional singer; *Unforgettable*, which marked Nat's first collaboration with Nelson Riddle, was also one of his biggest hits.

Other numbers include: *It's Only A Paper Moon; Walkin' My Baby Back Home;* and *Orange Coloured Sky*.

Give the kids a treat and buy them ***Winnie The Pooh*** album (*MFP*). Actually the LP includes various children's favourites as well as the songs from this Disney picture.

The Pooh numbers include the title song; *Up Down Touch The Ground; Little Black Rain Cloud; Rumbly In The Tumbly;* and *Mind Over Matter*. On Side 2 is the famous *Teddy Bears' Picnic; Christopher Robin At Buckingham Palace; The Ugly Duckling* and other numbers which will have the youngsters rocking in their nurseries.

Kenneth Connor, Jim Dale and Cheryl Kennedy are the artists. I have a feeling they quite enjoyed themselves.

If it's the big band sound that you like, invest in ***Ted Heath's Fever!*** (*Decca*). Packed with exciting orchestrations, the LP swings magnificently all the way through.

The numbers that Heath has selected are ideally suited to his type of band and each one has been a top favourite at some time or other.

Side 1 includes the title song and this is followed by the *Mondo Cane* song, *More; Hello Dolly!; A Summer Place; Never On Sunday;* and the Burt Bacharach number, *Wives And Lovers*.

Side 2 gets off to a lively start with *Mack The Knife*. Then comes the romantic *Moon River; Misty; The Girl From Ipanema;* and *People*.

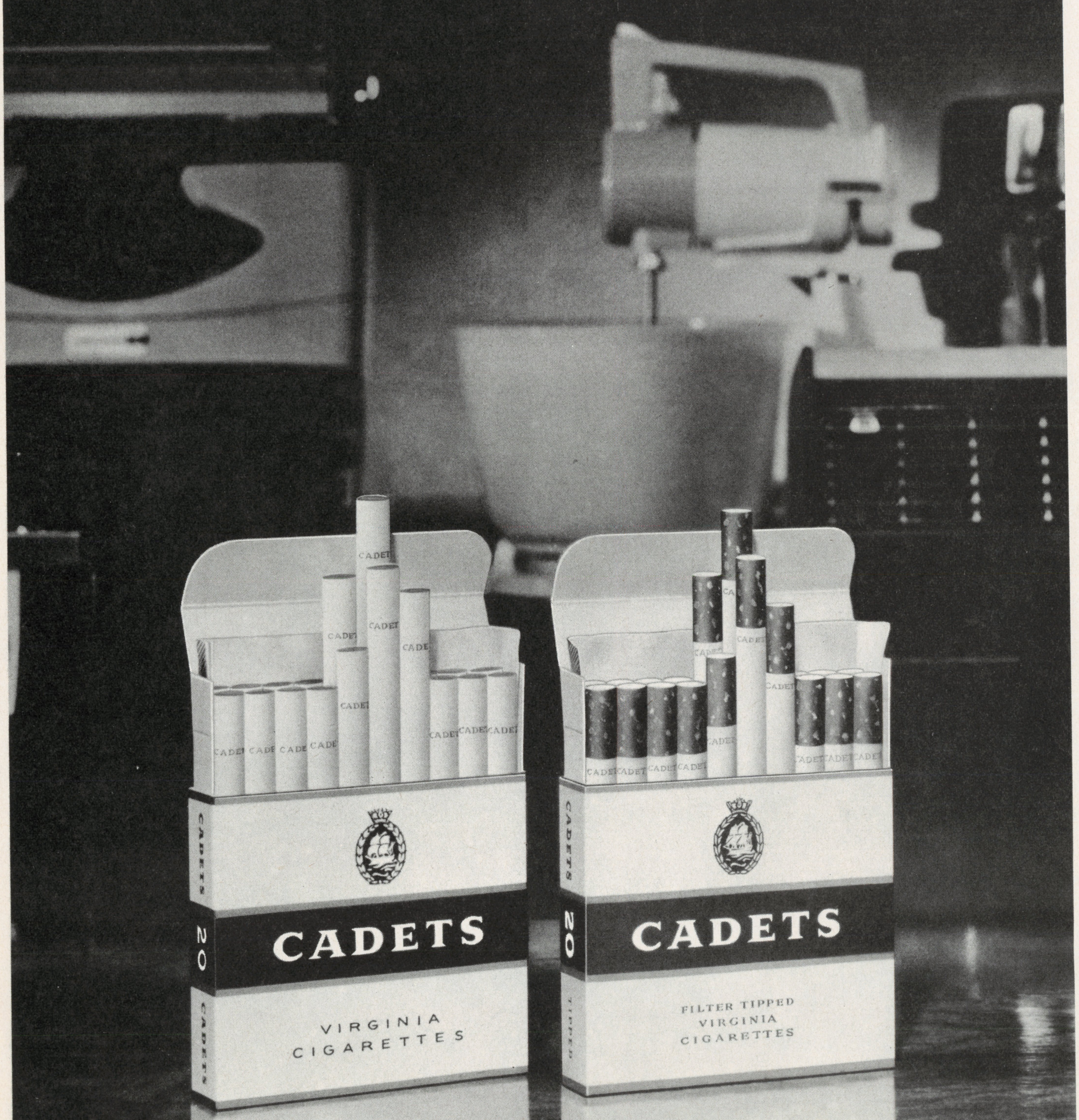
Burl Ives was responsible for selecting all the tracks on his new album, ***Burl's Choice*** (*Brunswick*), and a pretty good job he has done.

In almost every case the songs on this LP tell a story. *River Boy* is the portrait of a have-nothing fisherman on the Mississippi. *The Story Of Bobby Lee Trent* is a folk treatment of a juvenile delinquent in the city and the bitter lot of his mother. *Betsy, The Cow* tells about the hard truths of farm life and the loss of the cow, through the eyes of a young observer.

Harry Secombe may not be a great tenor but he's a very fine one. He proves this with his new LP, ***Italian Serenade*** (*Philips*), which captures, through the songs, all the romance and warmth of the country.

All the old Italian favourites are included: *Arrivederci Roma; Romantica; Torna A Surriento* (*Come Back To Sorrento*)*; Santa Lucia;* and *Come Prima*. All are beautifully sung.

Cadets
add gifts to quality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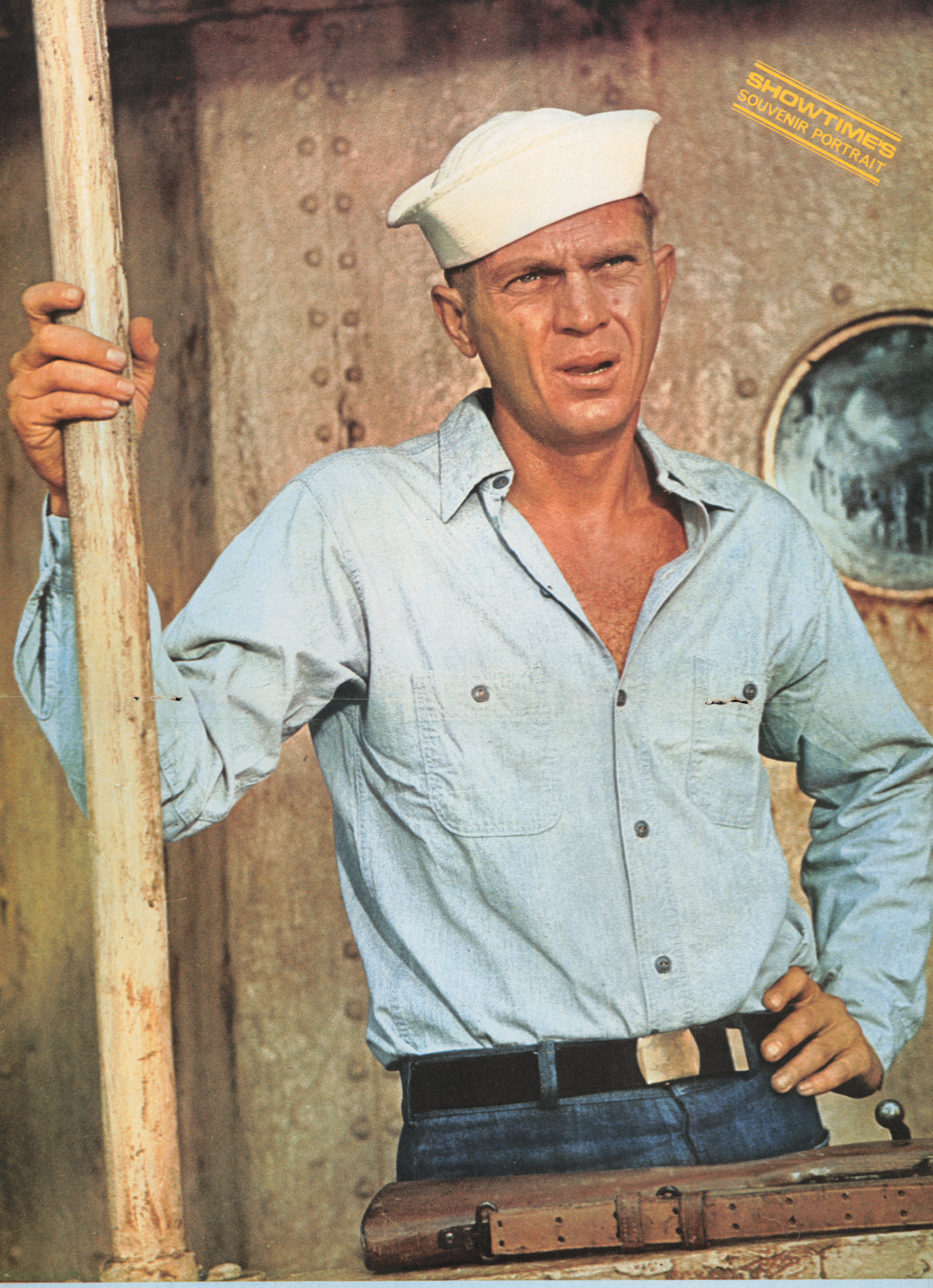

SHOWTIME'S
SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

STEVE McQUEEN

FILMS COMING YOUR WAY
FILMS COMING YOUR WAY
FILMS COMING YOUR WAY
FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

TRIUMPH IN THE AIR

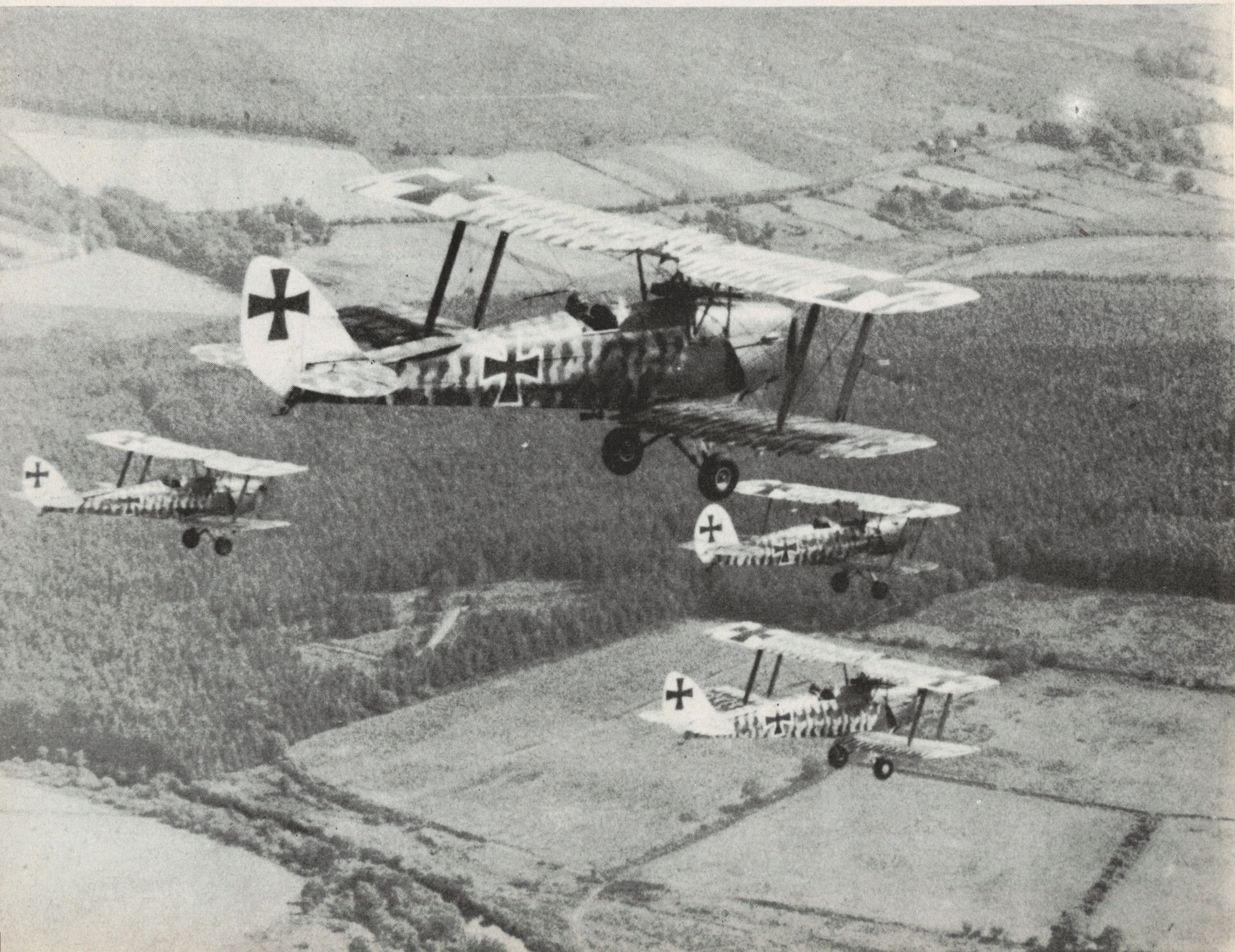
● Time was when top stars were wary only of working with such well-known scene-stealers as children or animals—or both. Today, their greatest danger is the aeroplane. First in *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*. Now in *The Blue Max*—from the same studio and with the same technical advisers and pilots.

A blisteringly real re-creation of the horrors of the 1914–18 aerial war, the story is about some of the German aces who won the much-coveted Blue Max medal (for 20 kills). And while one can never fault any of director John Guillermin's superb cast (George Peppard, Ursula Andress, James Mason, Jeremy Kemp and Karl-Michael Volger included), the fact is the film is more than literally at its height when in the air.

The dog fights, the bombing raid, the merciless mowing down of soldiers on the Somme and, in particular, the show-off flying battle between Peppard and Kemp—under a low-slung bridge, and then under the even narrower spans of the edifice—are a sheer triumph of skilful precision flying. And in some of the flimsiest-looking planes ever seen.

On producer Christian Ferry's orders, the only thing that is not real about the dog-fights is the ammunition. The swoops and spins, the banking, climbing and rolling, are as real as when these air-pioneers invented them as part of the unprecedented technique they developed when duelling in the skies. Throughout all this, the audience is virtually sitting in the pilot's lap—a sensational experience.

In this one step, this brilliant film goes from mere realism . . . to sheer reality!



● As you can see, Jimmy Stewart gets himself into all kinds of scrapes when, in his new film, *The Rare Breed*, he's involved with two English ladies who bring a Hereford bull to Texas to start a new strain.

Jimmy meets the two ladies—Maureen O'Hara and her daughter, Juliet Mills—at the St. Louis National Stockmen's exposition of 1884.

When Stewart gets himself into a scrape with one of the cowpokes a free-for-all follows and the bull gets loose. He tries to catch it but, as he soon discovers, it's not so easy to come to grips with the hornless Hereford . . .

BENTINE as The Sandwich Man

● Michael Bentine is not the only person who will raise a laugh in *The Sandwich Man*. There are a dozen or so other familiar faces in the comedy and they all help to make the film a jolly romp.

Bentine plays the title role. Dressed immaculately in morning suit and grey topper he walks the streets of London, his bill-board proudly advertising a firm of bespoke tailors. The people he meets, the incidents which confront him and the places he visits, provide the story of the film.

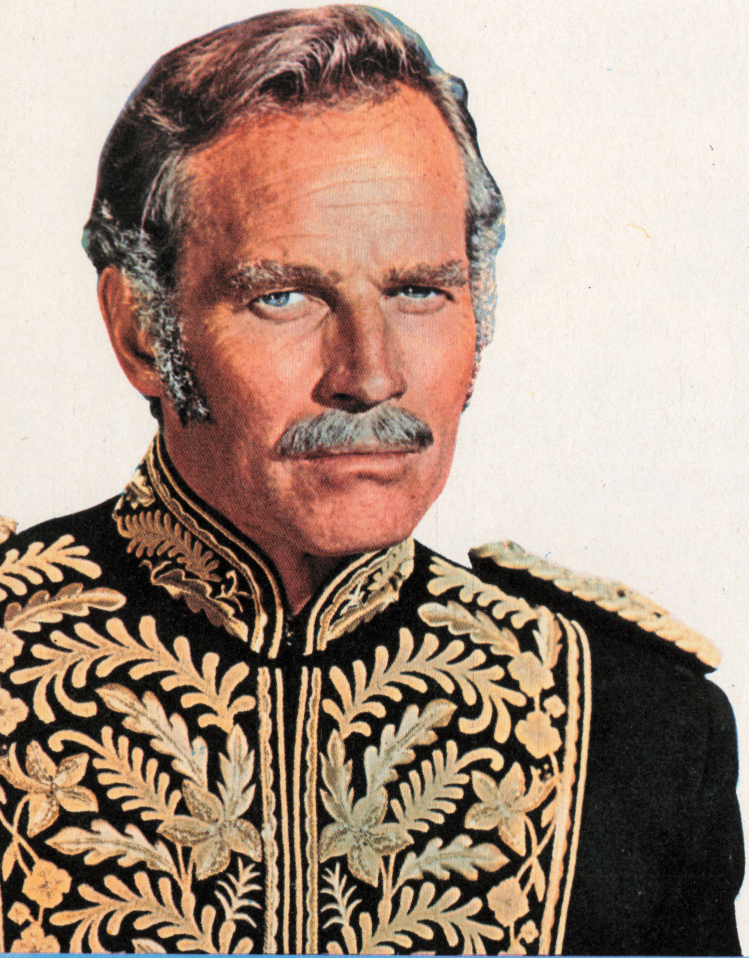
Terry-Thomas, Dora Bryan, Harry H. Corbett and Norman Wisdom are just a handful of the personalities involved.

Showtime's cover girl this month is the fabulous Sophia Loren. You can see her soon in a new comedy-thriller, *Arabesque*, in which she plays a spy. Gregory Peck is Sophia's co-star in this new Stanley Donan production. He plays an American Professor of Ancient Languages who falls foul of a Middle East plot. Then Sophia decides to come to the rescue . . .

Next from Sophia: the Chaplin comedy, *A Countess From Hong Kong; Golden Arrow;* and the story of a nun, *Mother Cabrini*. Sophia also hopes to make another film with Chaplin sometime next year.

**TURN page—
for more films**

KHARTOUM



● General Charles Gordon was an extraordinary man. He was, in fact, one of Britain's greatest military heroes. And now part of his story—the last, most dramatic part—can be seen on the big screen in *Khartoum*. Charlton Heston stars as the General; and is quite faultless, particularly in his accent.

To most people Gordon has become a shadowy figure from an Imperialist age, who was speared to death by dervishes on the steps of his palace in Khartoum. But the character of the man and his reasons for being in Khartoum are, today, little remembered.

The events which the film admirably covers took place in the Sudan 80 years ago. Prime Minister Gladstone sent Gordon with one man only to evacuate 13,000 Egyptians from the hands of the fanatical Muslim leader, the Mahdi.

The Mahdi had just massacred a British Colonel and his 10,000 untrained Egyptian troops and the fanatic's intentions were clear. "I will," he told Gordon, "take Khartoum and the streets will run with blood and every man, woman and child will die."

Gordon soon realises the enormity of his task and when he learns that the Mahdi's men have cut a telegraph wire to Cairo and killed 5,000 people at Berber, he knows a siege is inevitable.

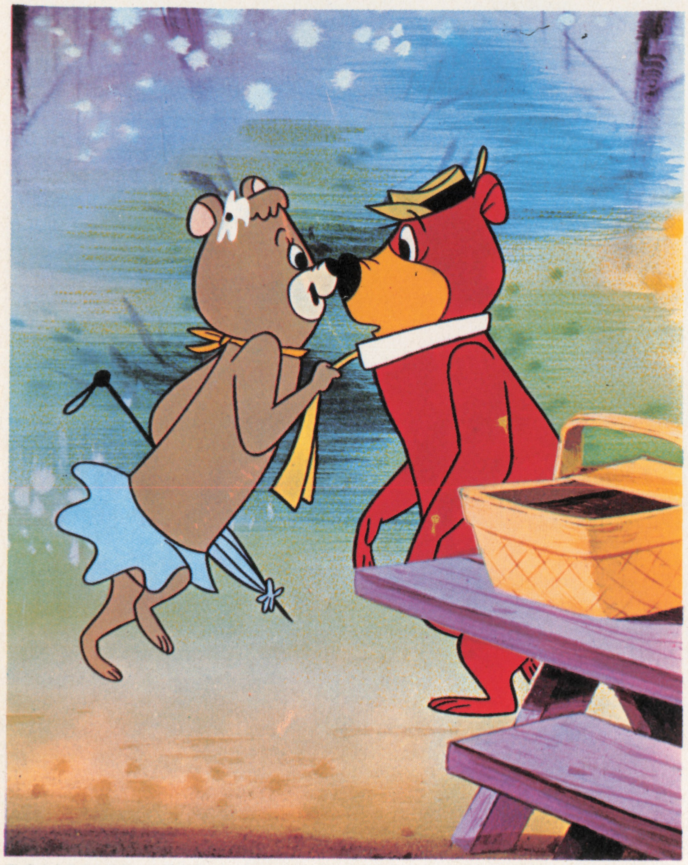
Although in real life the Mahdi and Gordon never came face to face they did write to each other, and their meeting in the film is an exciting extension of their correspondence.

Gordon meets his enemy when he rides unarmed into his camp. The Mahdi's followers want to kill Gordon but the leader restrains them and Gordon leaves unharmed. However, before he goes, the Mahdi gives his warning: "I will take Khartoum . . ."

The incredible bravery of Gordon's single-handed exploits form the basis for the film. Charlton Heston brings the man magically to life and he is brilliantly supported by Laurence Olivier as the Mahdi. Basil Dearden's direction is superb.

Here's a real winner!

Left: Another noble role for the epic star Charlton Heston—Gen. Charles Gordon of *Khartoum*. The high-spot of the film (apart from the battles; see below) is Heston's confrontation with the villain of the piece, played by Sir Laurence Olivier. A splendid meeting—and Heston's acting (and Victorian British accent) is as flawless as Olivier's vicious Mahdi.



ROMANCE OF THE YEAR: ***Hey There, It's Yogi Bear!*** **Yes it is and in his first film, Hollywood has—of course—given him a girl-friend. She's called Cindy Bear. Yogi, apparently, is delighted. Boo-Boo, however, makes no comment. Their bear-faced adventures are suitable for all ages!**

BORN FREE

● Grabbing a lion's share of the limelight from the stars in *Born Free* is that well-known lioness, Elsa, whose amazing story the film tells.

Joy Adamson lived in Africa and her famous book of how she and her husband reared a lion cub into a fully grown beast, and treated it almost as one treats an ordinary domestic pet, is as touching as it is remarkable.

There is no trick photography. That lion nuzzling Virginia McKenna, who plays the authoress, is no fake; its teeth and claws are as razor sharp as any you will find in the jungle.

Magnificently photographed and skilfully directed, *Born Free*—which also stars Bill Travers (left)—is a picture for the whole family.

SURPRISE: Nancy Kwan suddenly pops up on Dick Van Dyke's desert isle in ***Lt. Robin Crusoe.***

LT. ROBIN CRUSOE

● Following his enormous success in Mary Poppins, Dick Van Dyke turns up in another Disney picture *Lt. Robin Crusoe*, which tells the story of an American pilot who, after his plane has crashed into the sea, finds himself on an island of beautiful girls. Not much to grumble about you might think—especially when one of the fillies turns out to be the nubile Nancy Kwan.

However, poor old Dick's idyllic sojourn turns out to be something less than a picnic. Not the least of his problems is Nancy's father, the chief of a nearby island. He has banished the poor girl to Dick's island because she refuses to marry the man of his choice. Her relations and girl-friends decide to join her; it is their way of protesting against their selfish, bullying men. The girls need someone to lead them in their fight for female rights. And guess who gets the job?

A light-hearted and amusing adventure that parents will enjoy as much as children.

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MY KIND OF MAN

FROM page 8

In the film, Ursula plays a predatory countess called Kaeti, a dedicated and quite ruthless huntress of men. First under the analytical Andress microscope was her husband, Count Franz von Klugerman—beautifully portrayed by James Mason as a professional Prussian officer, whose obsessive loyalty to his aristocratic class makes him a ramrod traditionalist and brutal politicker and manipulator of men.

"*The Count is a man of power, and so preoccupied with matters of State and success that he looks upon his wife as just another part of his equipment; another portion of his collection of rare and lovely* objet d'art," *complained Ursula.* "*For Kaeti there is no hope of love. No chance to be cherished and loved as a woman loves and wants to be enjoyed. Rather, she is kept polished, beautifully groomed, to be displayed on the right occasions; to be admired and gloated over by others—even by her husband when he has a moment free from his other work.*"

Andress the analyst stopped and Ursula the woman took over: "I could never love a man like that. I could never love a man who didn't return my love twice over. I need very much to be loved. That is something I have been forever seeking. I need people around me all the time proving to me that I am wanted, telling me that there is love for me.

"Solitude is not for me. I can be alone only with the man I love. Then, of course, I am not alone . . . I am with the whole world."

Next for dissection: George Peppard as Bruno Stachel, an arrogant product of a war-ravaged continent. Kaeti falls in love with Bruno; she is as single-minded in her quest for him, as he is after his obsessive desire for glory.

"*I say Kaeti falls in love with him,*" *commented Ursula.* "*Perhaps I mean that she makes herself believe this because Bruno is everything her husband is not—young, handsome, like a fine, strong, young bull, snorting and pawing the ground and rippling with strong, new muscles, throbbing with rich, young blood. He is, alas, also deadly, ruthless and ambitious.*

"I couldn't in real life ever be attracted to this kind of man. I could not love any man whose sole reason for accomplishing anything is personal passion or public applause. I cannot even stand actors who present to the world one kind of man—the kind with all the desirable qualities—while in real life they are either horrors of conceit and bad temper or else they harbour bad and unjust thoughts towards other people."

Finally: Willi von Klugerman (played by ex-*Z Cars* cop Jeremy Kemp, fast becoming another Trevor Howard). Willi is the aristocratic nephew of Kaeti's husband, a young, professional soldier, with a swashbuckling—and, where Bruno is concerned, condescending—nature.

"*He's a gay young man,*" *explained Andress the analyst.* "*An arrogant pilot who courts death a little too closely and swaggers a little too much. He's also a little too contemptuous of most of his fellow men. But, and it's a big but to me, he loves his lover quietly. For him, the love he has for Kaeti is demonstrative only when they are alone. He does not flaunt her on his arm, he does not cry out to the world: 'Look here! This beautiful woman is mine—all mine—and she loves me'.*

"That," declared Ursula, "is the kind of man I could love. A man who could love me for myself—and not as some prize trophy."

This time the shuffle outside the warm caravan brought not a uniform, but a call to the set. And Ursula in a long evening dress, left to continue a banquet scene inside the historic castle.

As I helped her up the various stairs, through tiny passages, and over numerous coils of wire snaking their way to the generators, she summed up her feelings about the men in Kaeti's life—which is a warning to any one who wants to share Ursula's life.

"Men like my husband in the film, too concerned about success in life, are incapable of love—even for the most desirable of women.

"Men like Bruno—ugh, they are so cold, so harsh, they frighten me. They can, of course, love only themselves.

"But men like Willi—aah, truly a gentleman. Maybe they have sometimes too much bravado on the outside, but this is merely to protect the sentimentality on the inside . . . he is my kind of man; his love for me is important only to himself, just as my loving him would be to me. That is the man I could love."

JOHN WEBSTER

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THE RESCUE

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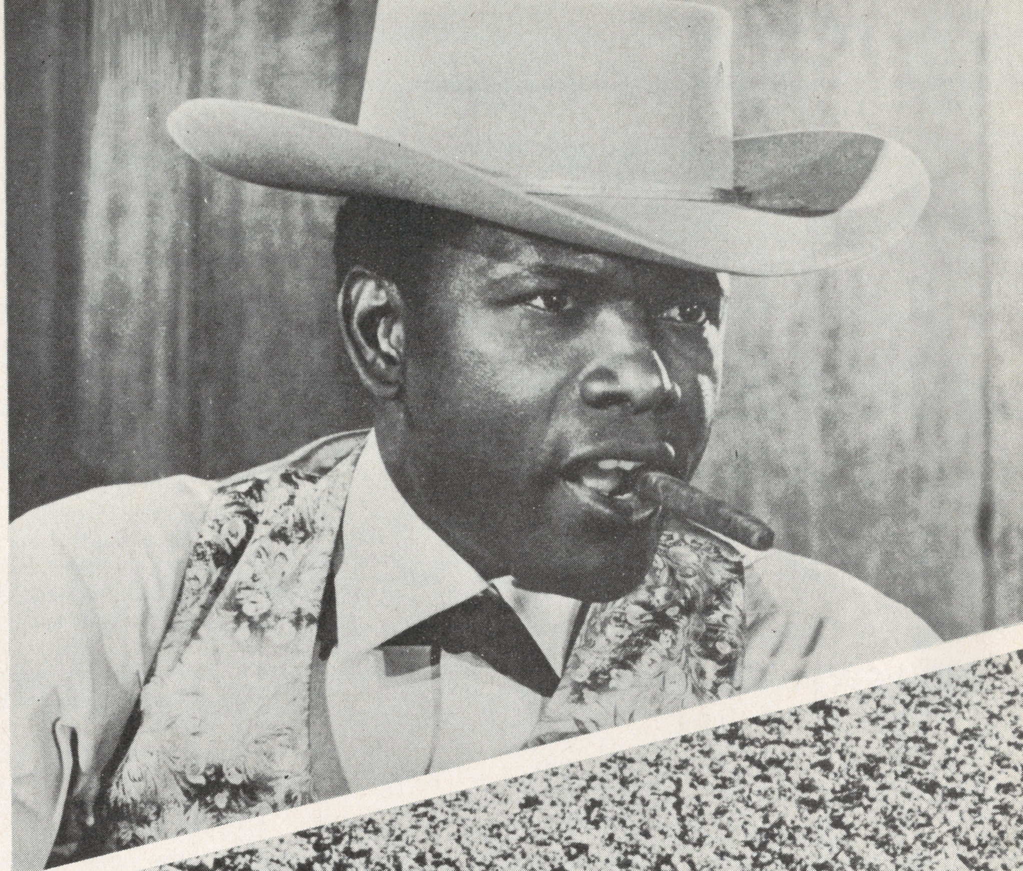
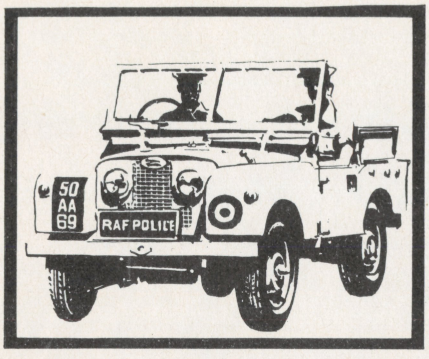
Following the rutted road another five miles leads to The Fort, as Kanabites call it. The Fort was originally built to take advantage of the breathtaking vistas of Utah's Vermilion Cliffs—the country used for filming *Pony Express* in 1953, starring a newcomer called Charlton Heston.

Now The Fort is a setting for Ralph Nelson's *Duel At Diablo*, starring James Garner, Sidney Poitier, Sweden's Bibi Andersson and Bill Travers.

TO page 35



SWEDISH Bibi Andersson (left) has the most mysterious role in the film. James Garner is always rescuing her from the Apaches, yet she always returns to them. Why? That's a question that Garner, Sidney Poitier and Bibi's husband, Dennis Weaver, discover at the battle of Diablo Canyon . . .



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The Royal Air Force

LOST COMMAND

FROM page 5

good actor could tackle. But this role is such a specialised one I knew there was only one man who could capture completely what we wanted—and he was busy!"

Robson did, in fact, track Quinn down in 1964. The star was filming in Belgrade and he had a formidable schedule in front of him. "I can't do it right now," Quinn said. "I appreciate that," Robson replied. "Suppose we start on 15th May, 1965." Quinn considered the proposition and agreed.

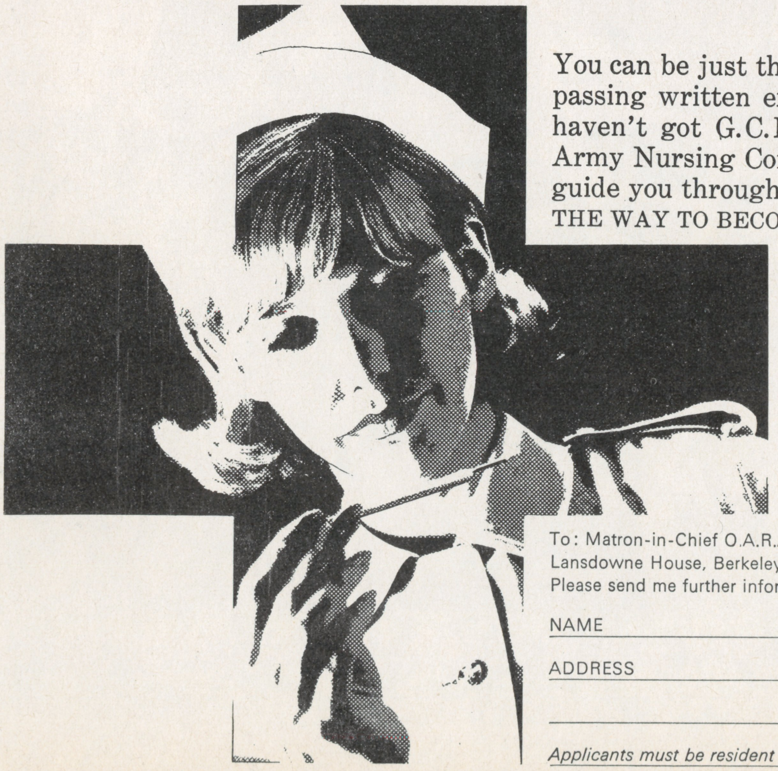
In fact, the film began shooting on 17th May—not because of bad guesswork on either man's part, but because the 15th fell on a Saturday!

Once he had his star, Robson went ahead to surround him with top talent from America, France and other countries. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet were cast as Quinn's right-hand men in both wars. George Segal, the great find from *King Rat*, plays their former brother officer who takes the side of the terrorists in Algeria and becomes their foe.

Another enemy is beautiful Claudia Cardinale as Segal's sister. She uses her ample charm to help arrange the transportation of equipment to the terrorists, and she even continues this traffic when she finds she is attracted to the young Delon. When he discovers the truth about her he beats her in an attempt to get more information.

The severe questioning leads to the death of Segal. It is a bitter pill for Delon to swallow. "We won didn't we?" asks Quinn angrily. "I pity you and your victory," says Delon. "You may get a general's star out of this, but you've turned into an animal."

A big, bold film—its message is as tough as its plot—*Lost Command* never bores. It has a lot to say and it says it well.



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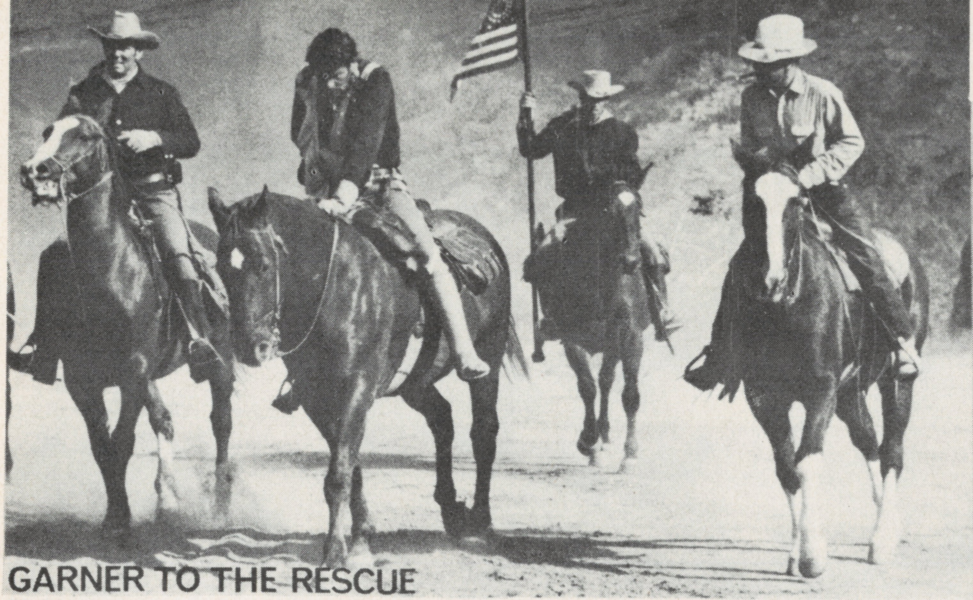


GARNER TO THE RESCUE

FROM page 33

Bill Travers joined the cast of *Duel At Diablo* after completing *Born Free*, in which he came into close contact with lions. The horses out West, however, proved more dangerous than the jungle beasts. During the shooting of battle scenes on the Utah location, he was badly injured when he collided at full gallop with an oncoming horse. The injuries included a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder and he had to be flown to Los Angeles for treatment. Three weeks later, however, he earned the admiration of both cast and crew by returning to complete his role with his huge frame held together in two places by steel pins and screws.
"It was pretty painful," he will admit today. "But it was worth it. *Duel At Diablo* is a very exciting film."

The script called for filming at two fictitious Army outposts of the 1880's, Fort Creel and Fort Concho, and through film-makers' magic, the old Fort pretends to be both.

The Fort has been enlarged, rebuilt and improved since *Pony Express*. Sitting atop a slight rise in a long valley, among red buttes, it has hosted innumerable filming companies throughout the years. Now it is composed of a two-storey barracks building, officers' quarters and offices, a storehouse, stable, parade ground, assembly area and corrals. Its stockade and buildings are fashioned from poles hewn from the nearby Kaibab Forest. Bark clings to the poles, except for the post's flagpole, from which waves a 38-star flag of the film's period.

It is in the area adjacent to Fort Creel that the story of *Duel At Diablo* begins to unreel. The film was conceived as a fast-moving super-Western with classical overtones and elements of mystery and suspense.

It concerns Jess Remsberg (James Garner), a frontiersman wise in Western ways. Summoned to an Army outpost by his long-time friend, Lt. Gilbert McAllister (Bill Travers), Remsberg rescues an attractive woman, Ellen Grange (Bibi Andersson), from Apaches. She is the wife of a frontier freighter, Willard Grange (Dennis Weaver), who is in business in Fort Creel, Remsberg's destination.

Despite Ellen's pleas to be taken to the Apache Chief Chata, whose willing captive she has been, Remsberg returns her to her husband.

In town, Remsberg notices a discharged Army sergeant, Toller (Sidney Poitier), winning poker hands.

From McAllister, Remsberg learns of his Indian wife's death when the Lieutenant gives him her scalp—which he'd found in possession of a bounty-hunting marshal at the other outpost, Fort Concho. McAllister is gathering recruits and supplies for Fort Concho, and asks Remsberg to join the troop as scout. And he agrees, seething to get to Concho and its marshal.

Ellen's husband, joining the march, unconcernedly tells Remsberg that Ellen has stolen some horses and gone to join the Apaches.

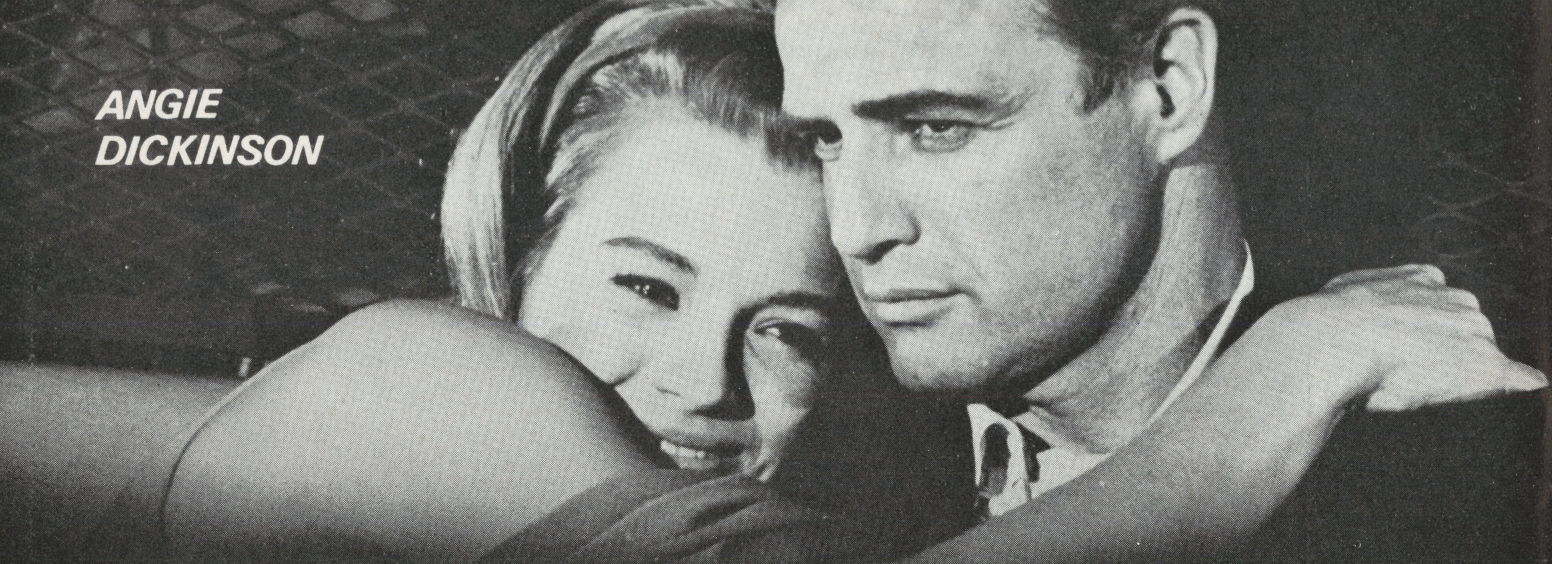
Toller, protestingly, is on the mission, too. Prior to discharge he'd sold some horses to the Army. The authorities claim the horses aren't broken to saddle as per agreement, and before paying for the horses, Toller must keep the bargain by breaking them en route to Concho.

This oddly-assorted group with its mixture of compulsions departs. Remsberg rides ahead and again snatches Ellen from the Apaches. They join the cavalry troop at Diablo Canyon, where it is under heavy Indian attack.

Against a background of raw emotions and battle, the film builds to its climax. It contains the story of a mother's love for her child, and it solves two mysteries—one concerning the murder of Remsberg's wife, and the other revealing the nature of the magnet which draws Ellen back to Apache life again and again.

IAN HAYNES

ANGIE DICKINSON



discovered by every studio in Hollywood. They keep on discovering me—and throwing me back in again. Nothing ever really happens."

She toyed with a lock of red hair which kept falling over her forehead. "Now I'm on my own and I can stay that way for the rest of my life. Not under contract—except to my husband—and I *never* want to get tied to a studio again!"

Despite all this, Angie has always had a great following, particularly since she played "Legs" in *Rio Bravo*. "I saw it on TV a couple of weeks ago with Burt, and was appalled! I must say, black and white TV hardly does justice to a good old coloured Western. For myself, well . . . I look so different now. I carry myself differently. I've learned to stand up straight and walk nicely with some self-confidence. My hair is a lighter colour now and . . . I'm thinner. Thinner, of course, in the right places."

Angie looked mischievous and went on: "As a matter of fact, I was kind of gaunt in the face in *Rio Bravo*, because director Howard Hawks, who likes thin women, told me: *'Take off ten pounds.'* When you take it off that fast you go around looking like a sick child.

"No, I don't think I look good in that film any more, but it's as close as any of my films have come to using me the way they should have. I had something better but it wasn't in a movie. It was a *Dr. Kildare* three-parter on TV. I was thrilled with that part. She was a girl with a good sense of humour; a lot of depth to her but who doesn't readily show it. A real girl who swings!

"And she doesn't have to push her sex—oh no, it's there." Angie brushed her brandy glass across her lower lip and took a sip: "Couldn't get rid of it if she tried. Somebody who is very sexy, I would hope—but not trying to be sexy. She *is* sexy. And I don't think that's a bad word at all."

I suggested "earthy" as one word that has been used to define her. "I like that word. I like to play earthy women with a great sense of humour. Let's face it, sex comes out of humour."

Angie's voice is reminiscent of Monroe's—husky and utterly feminine, but more assured. We had settled comfortably on the living room sofa of her East 63rd Street flat in New York. A place full of reminders of her husband; his photos were everywhere and the Bacharach sound had been on the record player when I arrived. She had, in fact, been listening to the test record of his latest song, the title tune for the film, *Alfie*. "He didn't write the whole film score for them," explained Angie. "Aren't they silly, not to have gotten him to do the whole score."

Suddenly the conversation had switched to Bacharach. "You know that Burt *sings* great! Sings terrific!!! But he won't sing in public. Prefers other artists to do it. He's got a fabulous appeal as a singer, but he doesn't think it comes across on record. I disagree with him and I've got the tapes to prove it! Still, he's right. Leave the singing to somebody who *can't* write his songs. That way, he won't spend his spare time running around promoting his records. He'll just stay at home, and write good songs."

Angie fingered her long neck and thought for a minute: "He doesn't really advise me on what roles to take, either. I know he prefers me in the sort of wife roles I played in *The Chase* and in *Cast A Giant Shadow*. But if I had my choice I wouldn't play wives all the time. I'd prefer to be the girl-friend, or the other woman."

Was this why she posed for a semi-nude picture in Esquire magazine? I wondered.

"Well, I let them use it because I thought it was a marvellous picture. Didn't you? Was I wrong to do that? Before I submitted the picture to Esquire, I asked Burt what he thought. He said, *'Sure, let them have it. That's a great picture.'* I had left it up to him entirely. Maybe our parents don't like it. I haven't heard from my mother yet. But Burt liked it.

"Now, I'm sure he would not have approved if I had been completely in the nude. But I would never have done that. He knows that my taste is equal to his own."

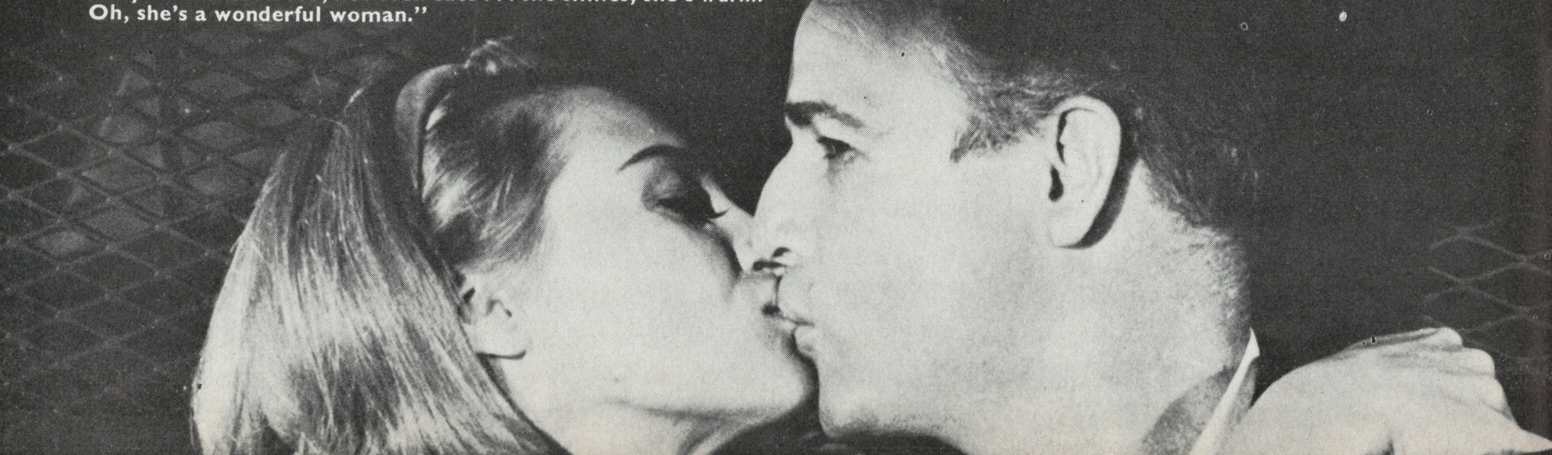
When both Angie and Burt are working, they have to suffer the usual drawbacks of a show business marriage—separations. "It's horrible! Just terrible!" Angie exclaimed. "Difficult, too. Because we miss each other very much, and we're both well aware of nature.

"Then I think of other show business marriages that have succeeded and—let's face it, you've got to give it five years. You can't give it two like Elizabeth and Richard Burton. Their marriage is a success, but it's only two years so far.

"When I mean succeed, I mean five, or ten, years. I think that the ones that have succeeded are ones where the woman doesn't work very much. I'm not planning to take any chances. Work is just not that important to me any longer.

TO page 38

Angie as Brando's wife in *The Chase*: "I have one lovely little scene where Marlon and I are driving home. She's kinda . . . not teasy . . . but cute. No, not even cute . . . she smiles, she's *warm*. Oh, she's a wonderful woman."



The Man Who Stands Alone... FROM page 16

ALWAYS TOGETHER: Michael Caine and his French girl-friend Elisabeth Ercy in Berlin.

"But acting like this is liable to get you into trouble—with the critics. Their reviews or summations, are based only on what's been done before. They don't even realise they're using previous screen characterisations as their yardstick!

"That happened to me in *Zulu*. I played that aristocratic officer like a lot of people I knew like that—instead of copying the '*Hallo! I say!*' cliche characters. But the critics didn't say Michael Caine was good because he caught the real people instead of resorting to stereotyped characterisations. They said they didn't think my accent was right because I was really a Cockney—which is a load of old cod's wallop and a touch of the class condescensions which gets me right in the throat! I start lashing out at things like that."

As if in fear of any lashings out at that precise moment, Elisabeth Ercy got up to go shopping—making a date to join us that night at The Black Bottom discotheque. As we strolled back to the set, I asked once-married Caine, now one of the gayest bachelor blades in films, about his romance with Mlle. Ercy. He replied with customary frankness.

"I see more of Elisabeth than I do anyone else. She's very beautiful, intelligent and full of personality—there's not a great deal more you can ask for! But by the nature of our professions, I don't get tied up too firmly.

"She's an actress [*she made her British debut in* Doctor In Clover *which is when Caine met her*]. I'm an actor. I'm off to Louisianna next and in any case, I live in London and she lives in Paris. So what do you do? You wait until you have security—and not just financial security, but security of time—then you find a woman you want to be with and you stay with her. That's my opinion."

The crowds gathered fast as Caine, and his six-foot-plus Swiss co-star, Paul Hubschmid, went back to work. Caine is as popular in Berlin as anywhere else in the world; the Germans appreciate his talking in their language.

"I picked up the language when I was here before—as a National Service private," Mike explained. "And I figure if I want the Germans, or French and Italians, to know me then I can at least try to learn their language. It's not too difficult for an actor to learn, because he's already developed a retentive memory and a sense of rhythm and timing."

His French tutor, of course, is Elisabeth; he's brushing up Italian with photographer Sergio Strizzi; and when I left Berlin he was expecting yet another language tutor—a man from Georgia, U.S.A. He'll train Caine in an authentic accent for his next role—a Southern racialist in Otto Preminger's *Hurry Sundown* in America. In customary Caine style, he begins this film 48 hours after completing *Funeral In Berlin*!

KEITH SOLVES HIS PROBLEM...AND SENDS THE FANS WILD!
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Dave
AH!
DAVE!
GREAT SINGING, KEITH! COME ON OVER NOW AND MEET THE FANS.
SORRY DAVE- I'VE GOT TO GO
THINKS IT'S NO JOKE MEETING FANS, NOT WITH THESE SPOTS.
MEMBERS
DIS
KEITH'S FABULOUS, BUT WHAT AWFUL SPOTS.
WHY DOESN'T HE DO SOMETHING?
HEY, KEITH, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THOSE SPOTS? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST- AND IT'S INVISIBLE. FEELS GOOD ON THE SKIN, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE.
RHY
BL
LATER...
MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP REALLY FAST! TACKLE'S GREAT-SHOULD HAVE GOT IT BEFORE
WOW! TACKLE CERTAINLY MAKES LIFE MORE EXCITING!
KEITH!
KEITH!
OH!
TACKLE
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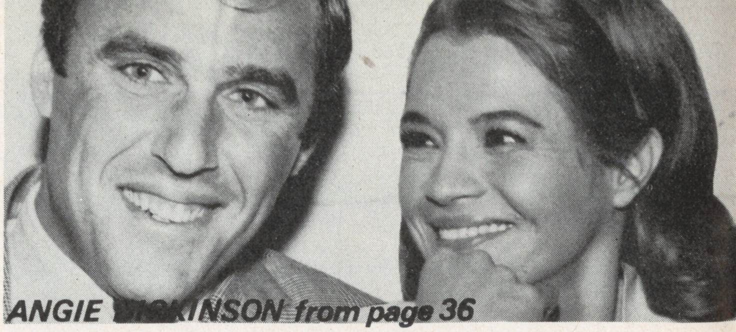

ANGIE DICKINSON from page 36

"And you know something?" She pointed at herself emphatically. "Our marriage is going to be one of the successful ones."

Billing is one of Hollywood's most important status symbols, and usually a sure barometer of whether a star is on the way up or out. But not in Angie's case. Billing makes Angie angry.

"When you're under contract," she told me, "you don't, to put it bluntly, get the best of it. Once I was studio property you would have thought they would want to build me up . . . But me? I would end up being stuck with the Troy Donahue epics.

"I like Troy, but I don't think I belonged in his sort of picture. On that picture, *Lovers Must Learn*, oh dear . . ." she sighed in mock horror, "I asked to go on suspension rather than make it. But they said, *'No, you come to work'*. I took two suspensions on it but . . . finally (I was kind of gutless then I guess) I gave in. I still regret it.

"Mind you, though, if I hadn't, the consequences might have been terrible. People with power can be kind of brutal. They say: *'All right, honeybunch, you didn't want to work for us, well, we're not going to work for you. You can just sit there for years for the rest of your contract,'* I wasn't willing to take that chance.

"Time after time, mostly while under contract, I have been billed underneath an actress hired from outside the studio . . . like Elke Sommer in *The Art Of Love*. I don't get the fairest billing on *The Chase*, but I was so glad to do a quality picture.

"But I've just had my worst experience of all. I accepted the role of Kirk Douglas's wife in *Cast A Giant Shadow* only on condition that I took *no* billing. Douglas and Senta Berger were to have top billing, and John Wayne, Yul Brynner and Frank Sinatra had an agreement making sure there would be no more than three cameo names.

" *'Where would Angie fit?'* I wondered. *'How about no billing at all?'* The company agreed and I accepted the role. Then the adverts. came out a few weeks ago in New York and there was my name in tiny print, after Senta Berger's in HUGE PRINT!

"Now, wherever the film is going to play, people are going to say, *'Gee, what happened to Angie Dickinson. She's right down there . . .'* I don't know what to do about it . . . there's nothing I can do!"

All this is not quite as petty as it might sound; it is not vanity that is involved but star-status and financial interests.

Having worked off her anger, Angie went on to talk about the type of woman she plays in *Cast A Giant Shadow:* "It's a marvellous part, though I don't really like the woman. She's the sort of wife who says, *'Stay at home and love me, Don't go and fight the war! Stay home and love me.'* Well, I don't like that kind of wife, and I don't like that kind of part . . . I prefer the type who says, *'Baby, if you've got to go, get back to me as soon as you can because I love you.'* But if I wait for a part like that, I'll never work. They don't write them!"

"Is that the sort of wife you are when your husband goes off on one of his tours with Marlene Dietrich?" I asked.

She fingered the rim of her glass: "Yes, yes, I'd like to think I was like that myself . . . It's a funny thing, you know. I met Marlene years ago, in 1959 after doing *The Bramble Bush*. I had been sent to Boston to publicise the picture and Marlene was there with her marvellous show. The studio man asked her if she minded posing with me because my legs had been insured for a million dollars and I'd gotten the Golden Garter Award or something. She said, *'Of course,'* and I met her backstage.

"She's a lovely lady. She loves Burt, of course, and he's extremely fond of her. That's putting it mildly. He loves her. We both do."

What, I wondered, *did Angie still want in life?* "I've got it made. Everything is wonderful now. I don't think I want anything for myself . . . as far as my career is concerned, there is just one thing.

"I would like my films to be made in the same city where Burt is scoring his films. I really mean it. I would just like to stay with him. I'd like to work *only* if it doesn't separate us. But it will. We both know it. We got it down to where it's going to be only two or three weeks at a time. And if we had a child, that would make it perfect."

Three days later the papers reported that she was pregnant. As a result Angie had to give up the female starring role in one of the big American pictures of the year, *An American Dream*. But I'm sure that Angie feels it's worth it!

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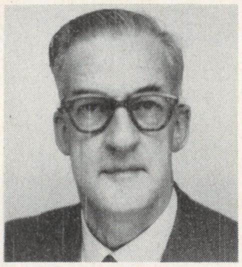

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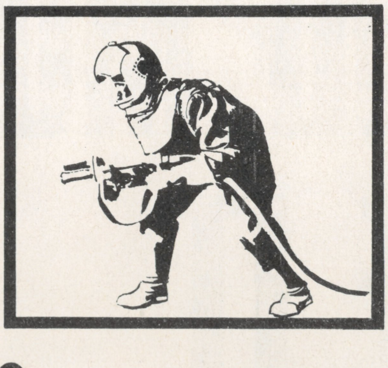

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THE REAL RAQUEL WELCH

PART II

'NUDITY? THERE IS TOO MUCH OF IT IN FILMS'

A TONY CRAWLEY FEATURE

COMING from a highly-mixed-up parentage ("Franco-German with a touch of Castilian-Spanish on my father's side; Anglo-Scottish on my mother's"), Raquel Welch was born in Chicago 24 years ago next month.

Chicago, hellish haven of gangsterdom during Prohibition, is better-known today as the haven of Playboy magazine. But home town or not, nothing will induce Raquel to appear in Playboy in the nude.

As her husband and manager, Patrick Curtis, has said: "*We want to avoid the usual starlet cliches for Raquel. So no gossip . . . no scandals . . . and no Playboy nudes.*"

Not that Raquel is shy of her body. "I started to look like a girl very early on—from about 14," she told me at Elstree studios, removing her bathrobe and smoothing down the near nothingness of the goatskin bikini she wears in *One Million Years B.C.*

Today her svelte 37–22½–35½ figure is better known, perhaps, than her name. "Of course, I'm grateful for this figure," she admitted readily enough. (So is 20th Century-Fox, which has it and her under long-term contract. So, too, are a good 60 per cent of the world's film producers, trying like mad to pin down the pin-up girl for "*just one film, baby*").

"I'm careful with my figure, though," continued Raquel, a blonde in this prehistoric film; a brunette in real life—but when in a bikini, who notices? "I will not pose in the nude for any magazine.

"I know that some of my photographs make me look as though I'm naked. But I'm not. There's always a skin-coloured bikini there, you know. You see, while I think it's important for a girl to exploit her physical attractions, it should be done with restraint."

[Incidentally, Raquel *has* appeared in Playboy. Fully covered, however, in a negligee, along with the other girls in her second film, *A House Is Not A Home.*]

Whether a girl should strip for the cinema screen is a question she hasn't really had to face yet. "It would depend on the director," she explained. "His style, his attitude . . . and himself. If a director was nasty or mean to me, I'd never take my clothes off because I just wouldn't want to. If he was kind, understanding and had logical explanations for the scene, well, then . . . maybe."

She paused, flicked her hair-piece, and went on: "Of course, it's easy to say that now. What I'd do if the time came, I don't know . . . Personally, I believe—and I don't care if I'm corny or not—that some producers are exploiting this nudity angle far too much in films. And usually not for any worthwhile artistic reason. Nearly every nude scene I've seen in a movie could have been filmed in a completely different manner."

Even with only five films behind her, Raquel has had a taste of what a scene like this would be like. It happened during the screen-test which led to her sudden break into the film-world. Spotted by producer Saul David's wife at the Hollywood Deb Stars' Ball, Raquel was offered a test by Saul for *Our Man Flint.*

The test was, in fact, a dual-purpose affair—for Raquel and James Coburn, the screen Flint. "It was all rather funny," recalled Raquel. "We didn't know what we were going to do. They wanted to test me—and Coburn, for his characterisation of Flint, you see. Check on how much comedy he should use. What kind of character. How groovy. How smooth. And how much Coburn would give to it."

She paused awhile with Coburn in mind, and suddenly went off in praise of the first of the Hollywood spies. "I think he's great—fantastic! He's going to be a big star. The reason, I'd say, apart from his talent, is that people are so sick of seeing pretty boys in movies. You know what I mean, people with no character, no personality in their faces.

"That's why I think David McCallum is such a big thing. He has some kind of peculiar charm in that small, fragile-looking frame that gets across."

In the test, Raquel met Flint in her shower . . ."There's a strange thing that goes on in our industry over there," Raquel exclaimed. "If you're doing a shower sequence, or a bath or a bed scene, somehow everybody in the whole town finds out about it. But everybody! And suddenly, in a very obscure little sound-stage—where usually nobody ever goes—hordes of people start coming in and they all converge behind the shower curtain. It's really quite crazy.

"Well, there I was, wearing flesh-coloured bra and panties—and was I embarrassed! They kept wetting me down; slopping water all over me. And there were all these people just gawking.

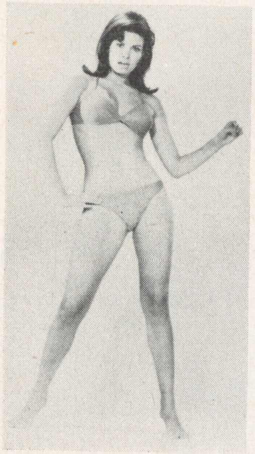
"Wow! I felt like shouting, you know, in a real Bette Davis style: '*Clear the set or I'm not gonna do it. Not with all these people*

TURN page

I think it's important for a girl to exploit her physical attractions — but with restraint

THE REAL RAQUEL WELCH

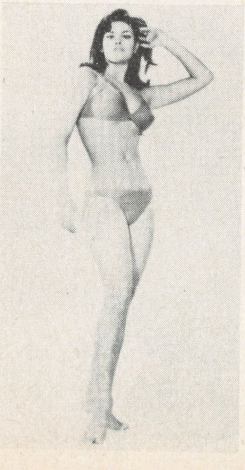
FROM overleaf



BOND GIRL (almost)

BEAUTY QUEEN (always)

BARE BODY (all depends)



looking at every dimple in my bottom'. But, of course, I didn't dare say anything. I just had to go on and see it through . . . Sure was a crazy test, all right!"

For several weeks after that *Flint*-test, Raquel and her manager-husband didn't hear a word from producer Saul David. "But I wasn't really worried," explained Raquel.

"I hadn't any great enthusiasm for it, to be honest; couldn't feel I'd accomplished anything—it was all so rushed."

In fact, that was the end of Raquel and *Our Man Flint*. She didn't make the film—though her figure appeared on the posters!

The rest she owes to our man Bond. James Bond.

Indeed, at a time when most new girls have been spring-boarding to fame by making 007 films, Raquel Welch (say Ra-kel Welch; never Welsh) must be the only new beauty to have shot to prominence by *not* appearing with Bond. By *not being allowed to*, that is.

It happened like this: while awaiting word from Saul David, Raquel was already negotiating with Bond-man "Cubby" Broccoli to fly to London and meet Terence Young, then searching for his *Thunderball* girls.

"Mr. Broccoli sent us the tickets to fly over and everything," explained Raquel. "Next thing the studio called on a Saturday. Now in Hollywood, nobody calls anybody from the studio on a Saturday. I mean, the head of the studio just doesn't go near a phone, any phone, on a Saturday.

"But he did. He said: '*We gotta picture for you.*' And I said: 'Well, I don't want it; I wanna do *Thunderball.*' And he said: '*Well that's tough baby, because we have a deal going with those boys and we have cooled the whole issue. . . .*' "

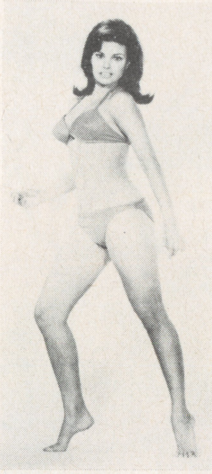
What would have happened to the Welch career had the Bondsmen not shown such an interest, no one knows. Because of them, however, Raquel was given her first starring role in Hollywood.

Saul David hadn't forgotten her and, rather than wait for *Our Man Flint*, he gave her the only girl's role in his more immediate project, *Fantastic Voyage*. Fantastic indeed, as this tells of a brain operation—an operation from the inside; the surgeon and his staff being miniaturised and injected into the patient's head!

"At the time, I guess I wanted to be a Bond girl," remarked Raquel. "But the Fox studio had the upper hand, and it's turned out better for me, anyway. I had read *Thunderball*, and from what I could gather, I was up for the part of Domino (played, in fact, by French girl Claudine Auger). I thought it would be great; Domino is *THE* girl in the book.

"As it turned out, they used four girls. As I'm a brunette and I look like three of the girls in the movie, we would have cancelled each other out.

"But in *Fantastic Voyage* I am the only girl—and there's no chance of being mistaken for Stephen Boyd. Or Donald Pleasence. And it was great, working with top professionals like them and Arthur Kennedy and Edmond O'Brien. We were a very happy company for five months. No petty jealousies or anything.

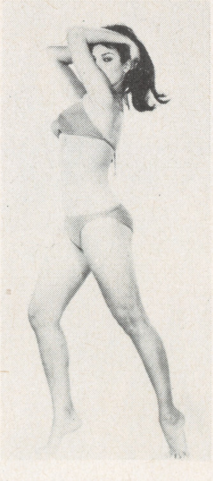


"We laughed a lot at first about the story — you know, being injected into a man and that. Then, gradually, we began to visualise what it was all about. The director, Richard Fleischer (he's a doll; a prince!), and the team have done a beautiful job. It's really a gorgeous film to see.

"We were the dunderheads for laughing at the beginning; for not having the imagination to see the thing in context."

Raquel's starring debut is a surprisingly fully-dressed one—something akin to a frogman's suit. Surprising, that is, for a girl who had already been seen in countless magazine pin-up spreads (she has her bikinis specially designed to fit her—only just!) and who had appeared in so many beauty contests.

"Hold on—I'd like to minimise this beauty contest thing," Raquel told me. "After all, every young girl who is attractive enters a beauty contest at least once in her life—particularly in America. And I was no exception; but I never tried to make a career out of it. I was in contests for only about seven months when I was a senior in High School, at La Jolla. That's all. Honest Injun!"



Time enough, however, to win such titles as Miss Photogenic, Miss La Jolla, The Fairest of the Fair, Miss Contour, Maid of California and so on.

"Yes, but after winning just one little contest, I was pressed to appear in a string of them," Raquel explained. "It became a chain and I couldn't get out of it. People all over the place kept pinning titles on me; most of them were literally foisted upon me. They'd call me up on the phone and say: '*You've just been named Miss Curvacious.*' '*Oh, really!*' It was that bad. Honestly!"

But quite a few contests Raquel *did* enter for, and win. "Not because I was the prettiest girl around, but probably because I was the only one who had some dance training and could walk properly in high heels at 16. That's all; I didn't know anything about being a glamour puss at that time.

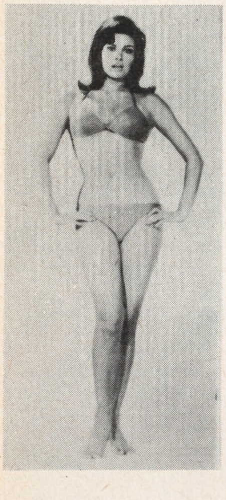
"So I'm happier when the contests

aren't mentioned. It rather minimises the fact that since the age of seven I have been studying dramatics. I majored in it at high school and had won a scholarship to study theatrical training at college. I've acted in community theatre and summer stock (like your rep.). But all I ever see in the newspapers is . . . '*ex-beauty queen*'. Hahuh! Everyone knows the prettiest girl never wins anyway."

With her firm background in acting, garnered from school-training, amateur plays, professional companies, and all kinds of television (from weather-girl to interviewer), Raquel went to Hollywood to get into films via modelling.

There she met Patrick Curtis, now her husband and her manager. Together they have a film company, Curtwel Productions—and a firm plan for success. Luck doesn't enter into it for them. Their philosophy is simple: *Luck is when preparation meets opportunity*. And Raquel is determined to be fully prepared for any opportunity.

"The same opportunities are there for most girls," maintained Raquel. "But if you are not fully prepared or fully advised, you lose them. I've seen it happen at auditions. *Can you dance?* No. *Any acting experience?* No. *Know anything about grooming yourself, looking good on-screen?* No. And bang goes the part that maybe could have made them. Success takes such a lot of ingredients, you see."



And Raquel's own training is far from completed. She still studies dancing, singing and dramatics, day by day. She's a constant filmgoer, too, because she enjoys films and likes to study performances.

When Raquel is working on the set, you can be sure that Patrick Curtis is working on a phone somewhere. "We work well together, collectively. He knows what's going on in the industry, what people I should—or shouldn't—see, and which people should be made aware of me. He opens the right doors and introduces me to the right people. He makes opportunities available to me—and then I either fall flat on my face or I don't.

"Patrick has been in the business all his life and he has, I think, a very healthy attitude towards it. I may get wild about a script, but he'll want to know who's producing, directing, distributing. When I'm all set to be tearing away and doing a film, or a photo lay-out, he's a calming influence on me, because I'm a very emotional person—an impulsive type."

She's also a gorgeous, generous and gregarious type. Result: She's Marcello Mastroianni's co-star in his production debut, *Shoot Louder, Louder, I Don't Understand*.

That's Raquel Welch for you. Wonderful. And where it counts, wily!

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

DUSTY'S NEW GAMBLE

IT is now almost three years since Dusty Springfield shook the pop world by announcing that the Springfields were splitting up and that she was going solo. You may recall that, not long after, she made a sensational solo debut in the disc charts with *I Only Want To Be With You*. She has had many hits since. Her gamble in going solo has paid off handsomely.

Now Dusty faces another milestone in her career. We will soon see her in her first TV series.

"I am fascinated and frightened by the thought of having my own series," Dusty confessed when I saw her at her London flat.

"After all, doing your own show is quite something. It will be such a change from simply nipping on, doing a song or two, and nipping off. All I can say in advance is that it will be a down-to-earth sort of show. I have no time for pseudo-sophistication. I want it to be a lively, quick-moving series. And I'd like to tackle a few songs in foreign languages—only a few though."

Dusty, a keen filmgoer, also admits that she has often thought about going into films.

"But I wouldn't want to try anything dramatic," she said. "I would like to be in a slightly nutty film—like *The Knack*, for instance. I saw that film four times and I'll probably end up by seeing it 40 times. It's marvellous."

I then asked Dusty whether her reputation as a girl who acted on impulse was justified.

"I am terribly impulsive," she told me. "I once flew to New York for the day on an impulse. I wanted to talk to Burt Bacharach about some songs. I'll often go somewhere on the spur of the moment. I'll fly over to Paris, at a minute's notice, to see the latest fashions. And last year, when I had been having a pretty hetic time, I suddenly decided to take myself off to the Virgin Islands for a break. I remember that after ten days there I flew to see friends in Los Angeles. It was a wonderful tonic.

"I also go crazy when I'm shopping," she added. "I'm not too bad if I've got a friend with me who can hold me down—but on my own, I'm hopeless. One day, recently, I got through £200 in under an hour. Most of it went on trouser suits!"

I reminded Dusty that she had acted on an impulse when selecting to record *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me* —the song which, in April this year, gave her the first Number One hit of her starry career.

"True!" she said. "It is an Italian song—*Io Che Non Vivo Senza Te*. It was an entry in last year's San Remo Festival. I was keen on it from the moment I heard it and was sure it would be a big commercial hit. It was so haunting and schmaltzy.

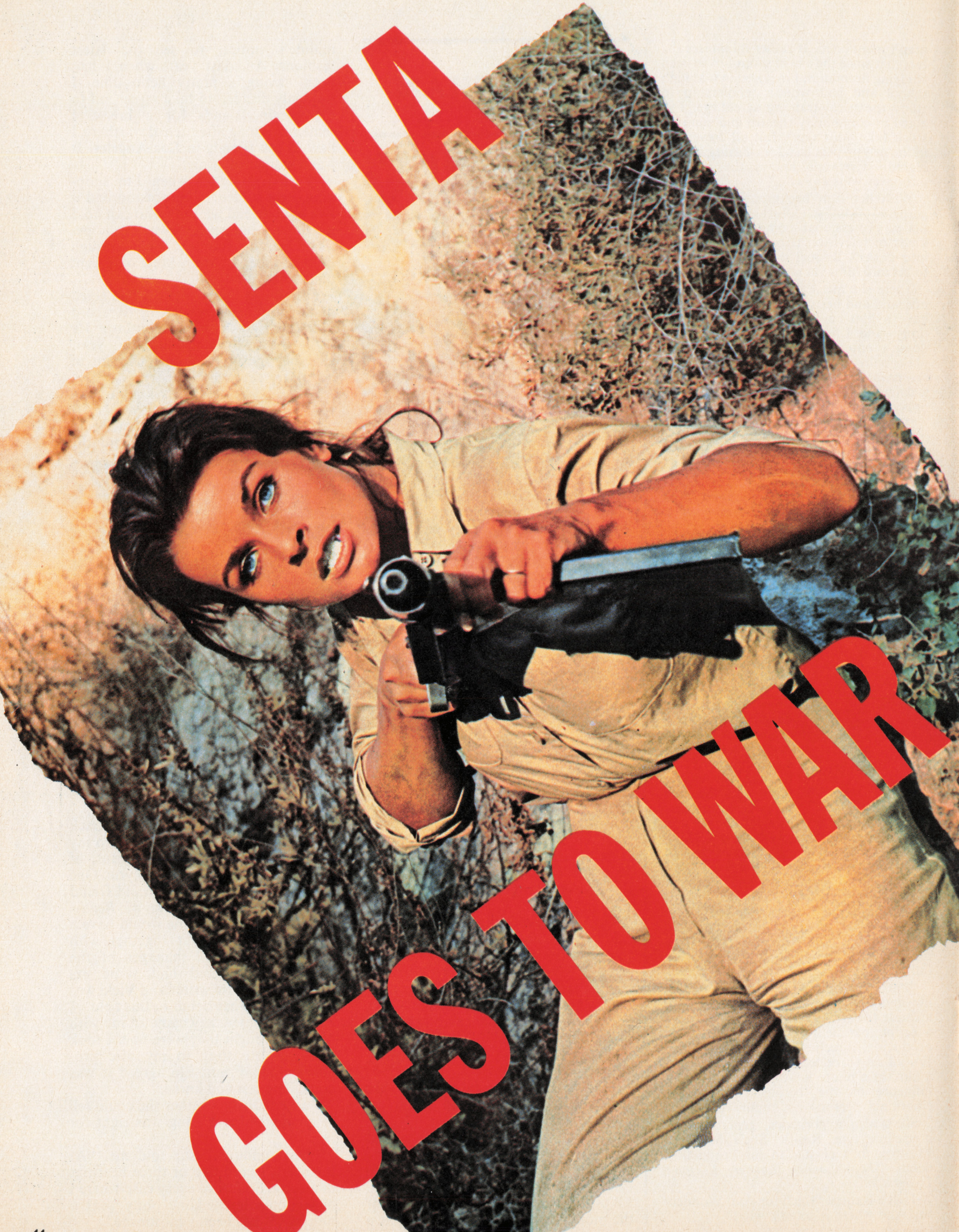
DUSTY—"terribly impulsive"

"I brought an Italian version back to Britain. I had already made up my mind I wanted to record it. But, of course, I needed an English lyric. One day I mentioned this to an old friend of mine, Vicki Wickham of *Ready, Steady, Go*. She said she would have a go and later she got together with Simon Napier-Bell, manager of the Yardbirds. He had had some experience as a lyric writer and Vicki was keen to make her debut in this field. A little while later they came to me with lyrics. I thought they were fine. I took the complete song to my disc producer, John Franz. He agreed it was great. The rest you know."

I asked Dusty whether she could tell at once whether a song was right for her.

"Near enough," she told me. "At the most, I need two or three hearings of a song. So far, in every case where I have immediately gone potty over a number, it has been a hit for me."

SENTA GOES TO WAR



SENTA BERGER is really in the wars in her new film, *Cast A Giant Shadow*, but most of the time she manages to keep a stiff upper lip and a fighting spirit. She also manages to look dainty and desirable—even when garbed in a military fashion.

In the film Senta is an Israeli female soldier. "A brave, determined girl," is how the actress describes the character. But she is a girl with many problems and these become more complex when she is ordered to shelter Kirk Douglas—playing a character called Col. David "Mickey" Marcus—in her home.

The film is set in the year 1947 and trouble is brewing in Palestine. The Arabs are making it quite clear that when the British leave the country and it becomes independent they will drive out the Jews.

Kirk's role is that of a retired Army Colonel working in New York as a lawyer. He is asked to go to Palestine to organise its rag-tag army for the impending showdown.

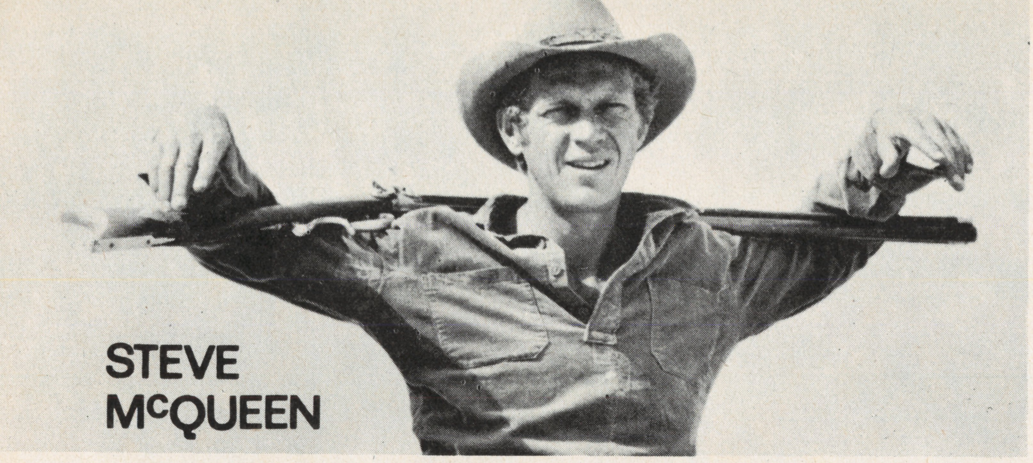
It is a request Kirk would have been happy to accept without thought were it not for his wife (Angie Dickinson). She has been through this kind of thing before with her dare-devil husband.

When it comes to making the final decision, however, Kirk realises he must go and his wife knows too much

TURN page

A dramatic moment in *Cast A Giant Shadow*. The stars involved: John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. Kirk plays a retired Army Colonel who organises and leads a rag-tag army in its war of independence. Wayne is a fighting American soldier who encourages him to lead the struggle for freedom.

Kirk and Wayne on location in the Middle East. They were joined by a host of other top names including Frank Sinatra, Yul Brynner and Senta Berger. Sinatra plays an American pilot flying for the Israeli Army, and Brynner is the Deputy Commander of Israel's underground Army who is thrown into contact—and conflict—with Kirk. The film was written and directed by Melville Shavelson.



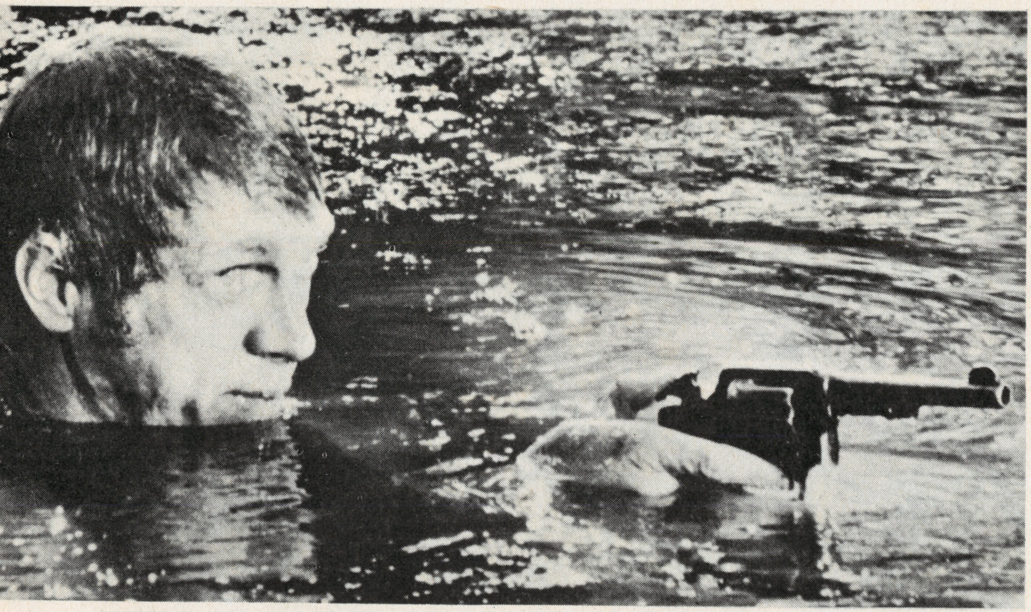
STEVE McQUEEN

It was a Western series which made our centre-spread actor Steve McQueen into a star on American television. (The series, *Wanted—Dead Or Alive*, was considered too brutal for English screens.) It was also a Western, *The Magnificent Seven*, which made McQueen a star in films. Since then, however, Steve has steered clear of the West. Until now . . . and *Nevada Smith*.

"I refuse to play safe with my career," explains McQueen. "It's so easy to be conventional; to accept parts and pictures that are predictable to a type which you may have established. Worse still, it's boring for the actor—unless his aim is to become merely a Hollywood personality . . . Well, that's not for me. I prefer taking risks, generating excitement for myself and the public buying tickets to see me."

And so McQueen refused all Westerns, until veteran director Henry Hathaway asked him to play Nevada Smith in the film based on the cowboy character from *The Carpetbaggers*. Alan Ladd originated the role, but his was the older Nevada—the ranch-hand who became a movie-star. This film tells more of his earlier life; the stormy years of bloodthirsty revenge when he hunted down the three killers of his parents. A very dramatic Western then, with the subtle theme of the evolution of a gunslinger and his final regeneration.

With luck it will not be so long before Steve McQueen goes West again. He's been asked to play Wild Bill Hickock in a film—with Sophia Loren as Calamity Jane!



SENTA GOES TO WAR

FROM overleaf

about him to try and prevent it.

Kirk enters Palestine under an assumed name and soon he and Senta are purring over each other. He is to stay at her home and pose as her brother—which would be very cosy for both of them if it were not for Kirk's wife *and* Senta's husband. Oh yes, she's married too. Her husband is commanding a ship bringing in illegal immigrants—immigrants who turn out to be Kirk's "rag-tag army". Senta is, however, soon to lose her husband. In a successful attempt to destroy munitions across the Syrian border for use against the Jews, he is killed.

The blow to Senta is softened by the presence of Kirk—but not for long. He learns that his wife is sick and he wants to return to America . . .

From then on Senta's world becomes even less rosy. For Kirk, too, the future is paved with problems. He does not, however, shirk from one of them, but bravely lives by his motto: "Life isn't a spectator sport—you've just got to get involved."

RAYMONDO and the stars

***AQUARIUS**, 21st January to 19th February*
Aquarian Miss hoping to become Mrs. will have to be patient and try to cement an existing relationship while she's waiting. After a hectic spell, a need to relax and unwind. Avoid making a decision on a Monday, particularly if connected with sport.

***PISCES**, 20th February to 21st March*
A good time is indicated on the social front, and light-hearted flirtations are possible. A compliment boosts your morale. Financially, the outlook is excellent: slow but sure improvement in your income soon, provided you refuse to let outside distractions interrupt your work.

***ARIES**, 22nd March to 20th April*
Top dog: that's you this month! Nothing can go wrong. A gift or unexpected win could put you in the money—so remember to post that competition coupon! The unattached could fall in love in the summer sunshine—but make sure that it's not just a holiday affair. Good time to settle a major problem or face an unpleasant decision. Try to make allowances: not everyone has your determination.

***TAURUS**, 21st April to 21st May*
Be adventurous! This is a month for taking a chance, for trying something new—especially for "Do-It-Yourself" enthusiasts. A secret hope becomes a probability, so don't make firm arrangements this month: you may have to change them in a hurry.

***GEMINI**, 22nd May to 21st June*
Lucky you! Lucky in love and maybe cards, too. Things go well but while you enjoy yourself try to bring the shy ones into the fun. A busy time ahead involving a great deal of correspondence. Everything seems to happen fast and you get swept along in the rush.

***CANCER**, 22nd June to 23rd July*
A crazy spell for Cancer subjects. This could mean love at first sight, or a sudden urge to kick over the traces and do something different. Important things should be planned in advance or they'll never get done. There's money in the kitty, but better to save that shopping spree till next month!

***LEO**, 24th July to 23rd August*
Planetary influences favour all aspects of love, from first meetings to that walk up the aisle. Some Leo subjects may have to overcome family opposition to a new friend. This can be accomplished only with tact and perseverance: don't act on impulse.

***VIRGO**, 24th August to 23rd September*
Be flexible—this is an unsettling period when you will have to fall in with other people's plans. However, a lucky break could bring money: a rise at work, or unexpected winnings. Travellers will start new friendships—but not of a lasting nature. A relative will rely on your judgment for a matter of importance.

***LIBRA**, 24th September to 23rd October*
You may feel romantic, but your pride will take a tumble if you show your feelings too soon. However, this is the best time for Mr. Libra to pop the question, or for Miss Libra to say "yes". A friend or loved one could do you a great favour towards the end of August

***SCORPIO**, 24th October to 22nd November*
Great care will now be needed when answering a letter. Think deeply and listen to advice before putting pen to paper. Possible opportunity to earn some extra cash, but quick action is called for or it could pass you by.

***SAGITTARIUS**, 23rd November to 22nd December*
Don't wait for lucky breaks this month—hard work alone will see you through. Your sixth sense will tell you when trouble is brewing and a sense of humour could avert a tricky situation. An unexpected letter could mean that something you considered trivial is becoming more important.

***CAPRICORN**, 23rd December to 20th January*
Keep friendships light-hearted. Love and cash become entangled: many Capricornians will be spending money on a friend or partner. Don't be afraid to stay at home for a while. Love could come knocking on your door and chance plays a big part in your life. Play those hunches and rely on your intuition. Lady Luck will be smiling your way.

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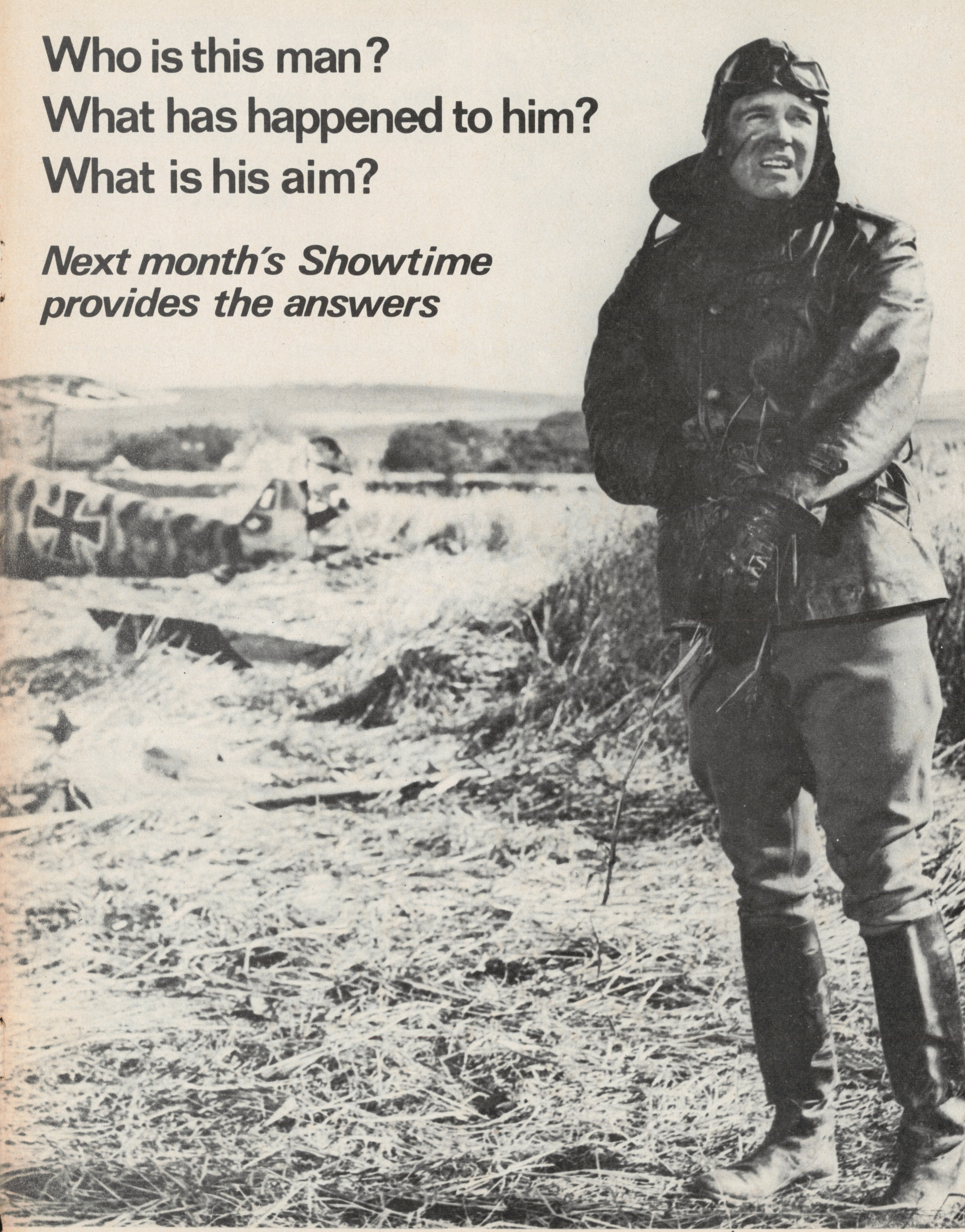

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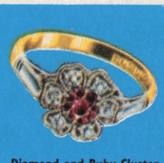

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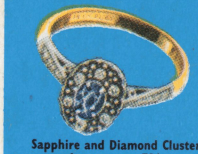

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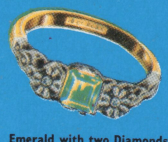

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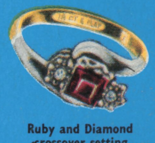

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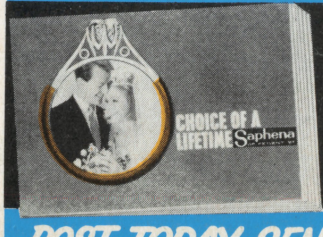

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